

FIFTY CENTS

DECEMBER 14, 1970

The Battle of the Buck

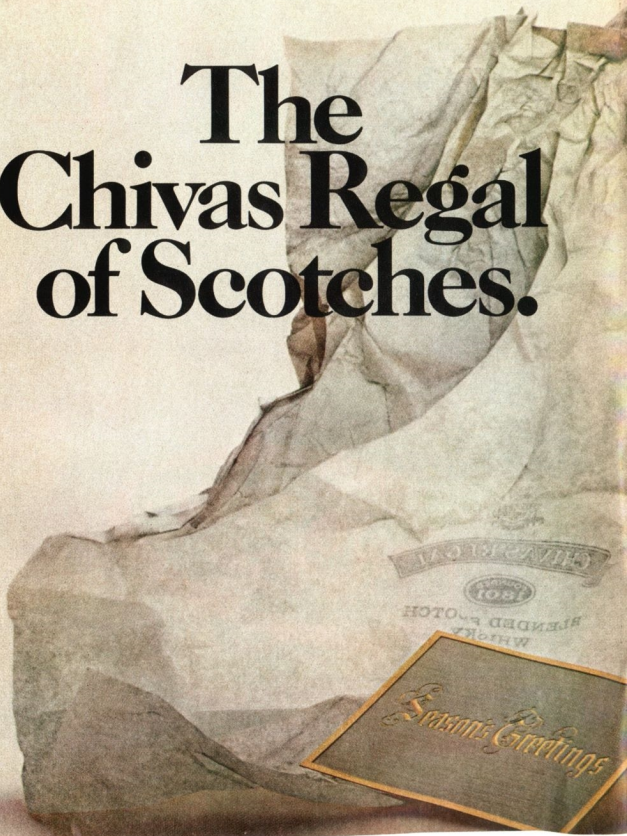
TIME

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"And we were surprised. The big bank was easy to work with. Their officers took the time to establish a rapport. They were very friendly and informal—not a hint of stuffiness. And they were instantly available to get things done.

"About the same time, we started expanding overseas, and that's where the big bank had a

clear advantage. For instance, we now have four subsidiaries outside the U.S. and Canada, and Continental has an office or branch in all four countries.

"They arranged to get Eurodollars in London, helped with negotiations in Belgium, and advised us on setting up a subsidiary in Mexico City.

"Probably we could have gotten along with a smaller bank. But it certainly has made life easier to have Continental on our side. We're Continental people now. We think it's one fine bank."

The speaker: Burke B. Roche, President, Binks Manufacturing Company, Chicago.

His story is a familiar one at Continental Bank, because we're organized to meet the needs of growing companies.

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Ray Griffin
Spray painting systems are a principal product at Binks Manufacturing Company in Chicago. Since joining Continental Bank in 1961, the firm has nearly tripled sales while developing new industrial finishing processes and expanding its facilities in the U.S. and overseas.

CONTINENTAL BANK



LETTERS

Yentas, Unite

Sir: Your piece on Martha Mitchell [Nov. 30] was quite amusing, but you failed to spell out one thing. What happens when the size of the mouth exceeds that of the brain to such an extent that one completely overpowers the other? I would say it's idiosyncrasy or intellect by a wide margin, which is precisely what is happening in Washington today.

Only in the present climate could somebody like M.M.—remember when those initials stood for someone lovely?—thrive, and the only compensation is that, by a kind of prosaic justice, the Attorney General got what he deserved: a waspish Mrs. Portnoy whose cracks can be mended only with Silly Putty. Yentas of the world, unite—you've got nothing to lose but your brains.

KERMIT KAHN
Manhattan

Sir: I have nothing against this woman. If John finds her O.K., it is his cross. If Nixon and Agnew find her great, let them enjoy their freedom to do so. But what does she stand for? What has she done to be taken seriously or worthy of our time? Do you mean to suggest that she is a representative of the Washington wives? God bless this country and Washington! Do you suggest that she provides the badly needed lighter vein for the whole nation? If so, you should ask the editor of *Mad* to handle her.

M.T. ANTONY
Brooklyn

Sir: Martha Mitchell is the envy of every American woman. She does what every woman wants to do. Talk.

I hope John lets her keep on.

FLO HUGHES
APO San Francisco

Beyond the Schoolhouse

Sir: *Sesame Street* [Nov. 23] is a spectacular spectrum of meaningful motivation. Where else can you sing along with Pete Seeger, find a goodly measure of mirth with the Muppets, and learn in spite of oneself? Thus the so-called low achievers are mentally massaged by the TV medium—so much so that an impossible attention span of an hour is commanded. Learning can and should take place beyond the big red schoolhouse. With the advent of today's technological instruction techniques, perhaps a portion of learning can take place in the home again. For learning is not limited to the schools.

D. THOMAS KING
Consultant, St. Paul Public Schools
St. Paul

Sir: The question arising from such a marvelous laugh-and-learn format is not what other networks will do to upgrade their own standards, but what the schools will do to meet the challenge.

Wake up, people! It's true. My son and his peers will enter kindergarten knowing what many third-graders are struggling to master. My question is: What will school administrators do?

ANITA S. LEE
Wayne, N.J.

Sir: I think children have proved you to be correct. *Sesame Street* isn't just for underprivileged three- and four-year-olds. It's

for anyone who is ready to learn or hasn't already learned the concepts that *Sesame Street* has to teach. It is indeed a very special gift for a child.

(MRS.) ALLENE KRIZO
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Sir: It's wonderful, having our children grow up as the *Sesame Street* generation. But must this season's programs move along so fast (reading, Spanish, mathematics, etc.)? I get the feeling that if my three-year-old misses one day of *Sesame Street*, he may not get into the college of his choice.

MRS. CHARLES J. TYBURN
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Sir: The children in South America are certainly lucky, since *Sesame Street* is going to be exported there. Our children in north Louisiana aren't so lucky—they had it but lost it. The ostensible reason was that the show was too expensive. Actually it was too black.

MARGIE TOWNSEND
Shreveport, La.

Not by Ten

Sir: Time giveth, and now Time should take away. Katherine Graham is of course only 53 years old, not 63, as you wrote in your "Wives of Washington" cover story [Nov. 30].

BONNIE ANGELO
Washington, D.C.

► Sincere apologies to a charming lady. Our computer slipped.

Alternating Monologues

Sir: Melvin Maddocks made a number of astute observations in his Essay "In Praise of Reticence" [Nov. 23]. However, I feel that there is something special about air travel that gets complete strangers together. Perhaps the God-above-gravity feeling of air flight tends to lower the barriers against strangers.

As I read the article, I pictured myself as having been a Charlie O. during air flights, but several of my fellow passengers also opened up. Perhaps we never had an "authentic dialogue" but an alternating series of monologues that fell on deaf ears. Ears deaf because of the secure knowledge that the fellow passenger would probably never cross paths with you again. For the moment you were together, going the same place. Complete reticence would be as absurd as complete loquacity in such a situation.

JOHN D. PIKE
Statesboro, Ga.

Sir: Mr. Maddocks' Essay, "In Praise of Reticence," was a point well taken. But since his subject was reticence rather than noise, he might have done well to include the suffocating written word as well as the spoken one. For while it is true that...

Most of us suffer in some degree

From cacophonous loquendi,

Yet some who deplore it at length

seem to be

Afflicted with ditto scribendi.

(MRS.) FLOE HOWARD
Franklin, Ohio

The American Way

Sir: Your article, "The High Price of Peace in Detroit" [Nov. 23], makes me want to say "Congratulations, U.A.W. and

The 'Ice Age' Rum.

When the rocks melt, Myer's won't.

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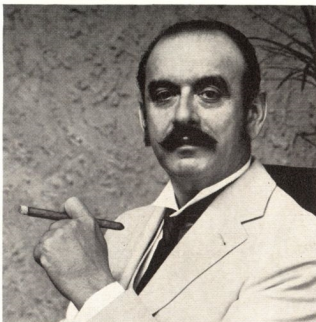
Myer's rum is also available in a shaker top bottle for cooking. For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., 175 Park Ave., N.Y. 10022. Myer's—True Jamaican rum—84 proof.

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Mr. Woodcock, for pricing yourselves right out of the market." Certainly this and labor's demands in general rival the ecological mess as a classic example of man's shortsightedness.

I am one blue-collar worker (railroad) who is truly thankful for the countless blessings that I have. I grieve, however, at the greed and selfishness that labor unions are displaying while doing such great harm to those they represent, to say nothing of the forgotten Americans on pensions that are static. I certainly am not going to "Buy American" simply to satisfy the unions' endless greed and penalize myself in quality and value to do so. Indeed, my only consideration will be the best buy for the money. This, I believe, is the American way.

ROGER DAVENPORT
Toledo

Sir: U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock has just become the greatest salesman of foreign cars in the U.S.

WILLOUGHBY R. CHAPMAN
Hendersonville, N.C.

Getting an Oar In

Sir: No one will deny that, as Mr. Stowe says in your article "Stowing the Manly Oar" [Nov. 23], the world is not what it was when he was an undergraduate. There are abuses throughout our society, and the students are bellwethers. If one listens to them, one realizes how miserable they are and how desperately they want to be a part of an America that lives up to the principles upon which it was founded. Columbia students are too intelligent to accept a haircut and a hard hat as the salvation of our country.

As word of Mr. Stowe's oft-stated sim-

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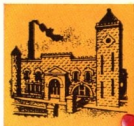


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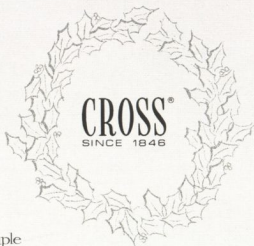
for Him



for Her



for that Special Couple



plastic solutions to the problems confronting us got around the university, turn-outs for crew did indeed drop. The regrettable fact of Mr. Stove's association with Columbia is not that it has been terminated, but that in the three years he was there he didn't learn a thing.

NORMAN ERIK HILDES-HEIM
Coach, Columbia Lightweight Crew
Manhattan

Blatant Appeal?

Sir: As a student of international business, I would like to compliment you on your article on the foreign trade bill [Nov. 23]. This bill is a true outrage not only to the principles and benefits of free trade but also to the U.S. consumer and citizen-voter. The bill is a blatant appeal to certain interest groups at the expense of the inflation-burdened Silent Majority.

ANDREW D. ROBERTSON
Rockford, Ill.

Sir: Your article strikes a Scot as simply frightening. Why don't you Americans stick to what you do superlatively well? The high-quality superfinish garment, the first-class typewriter, the top computer equipment—all the reliable merchandise that the man in the street in Europe knows he can buy with confidence.

Cheap prices are no longer deceiving better-educated people. Too many now know that the high price paid for quality is the cheapest thing you can buy anywhere. The man who makes it will never perish. What have you got to worry about?

ROBERT SMITH
Lommel, Belgium

Mountain Goats Too

Sir: Thank you for your article, "Mechanized Monsters [Nov. 23], about the invasion of machines on the last strongholds of nature by what seems to be machine-oriented people.

I sincerely believe that anyone requiring a machine to travel across our beaches, mountains and through our babbling brooks is in reality a weak person. He likely uses his feet little, except to press down the pedal, has very little appreciation of nature and no consideration for the thoughts of others who wish to escape our noise-ridden, smoggy cities.

If action is not taken soon to stop the onslaught of the machines, we will soon discover that no one, not even the wily mountain goats, can escape the horrors of modern technology with its dividends of pollution.

MICHAEL HITCHENS
Ruston, La.

Sir: I suggest that someone roundup a pack of these utterly inhuman creatures who foxhunt by snowmobile, set them loose in unfavorable terrain, and pursue them with a snowmobile, or whatever, until they drop from exhaustion and die. And let them rot where they fall. Such living carrion are not worth burying.

GEMMA JACKSON
Salt Lake City

Sir: There are hundreds of snowmobile clubs—and the number is growing rapidly—whose purposes and deeds are for environmental improvement.

What kind of reception did the au-

tomobile get in its infancy? Let's not condemn superficially on the basis of a few thoughtless operators.

HAMILTON ALLEN
Director
Silver City Sno-Birds
Oneida, N.Y.

Man of the Year

Sir: The American Woman, who in this year of Women's Liberation has freed herself from the tyrants of the fashion industry by refusing to buy the appalling midiskirt.

MRS. ROBERT BUCKLEY
Hastings, Neb.

Sir: King Hussein—that plucky little desert eagle, for his bravery, and incredible survival in the face of fearful odds.

VICTOR BORODIN
São Paulo, Brazil

Sir: Golda Meir.
EDMUND K. EICHENGREEN
Chicago

Sir: The Palestinian guerrilla.
(MRS.) ERMA E. BAER
Chicago

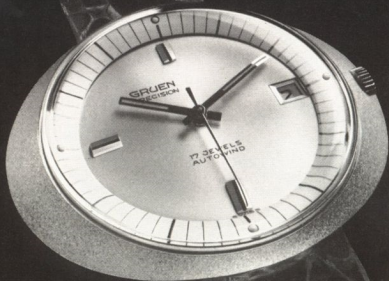
Sir: Charles de Gaulle: statesman, soldier, writer; above all, a great patriot and human being.

JOHN D. SAVICH
Chicago

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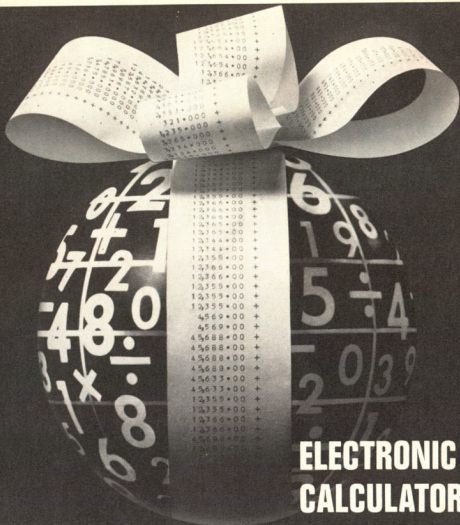
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of slippers, I'll scream.)

(If she forgets my Ballantine's,
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they know about Scotch, the
more they'll appreciate
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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Counting Heads

The vaudevillian's line used to be, "From Omaha? Nice place to be from." On the evidence of the 1970 census, the most prominent places to be from during the '60s were North Dakota, which lost 2.3% of its population, South Dakota, which lost 2.1% and West Virginia, which lost 6.2%. A favorite place to go was still California, the last continental stop in the American migration, which became the nation's most populous state, with 19,953,134 residents. In the final 1970 census figures, announced last week, California surpassed New York by 1.7 million, thus gaining five new seats in the House while New York loses two.

Population gain, of course, is no longer entirely a source of the civic booster's pride. It offends the ecological sensibility. Yet it remains crucial to underdeveloped regions such as Appalachia and urban centers that watch their affluent whites desert to suburbs, eroding the tax base and more simply the fund of human beings on whom congressional representation and the apportionment of federal funds depend. More people to get more money to care for more people. The Malthusian Catch-22.

At a cost of nearly \$1 per citizen, the 1970 census counted 204,765,770 Americans, including nearly 1,600,000 servicemen and civilians now living abroad. The population has grown some 24 million since the 1960 calculation. But the increase—13.3%—was the lowest in any decade since the low birth-rate days of the Depression. For one thing, those relatively fewer babies born in the '30s are now of the child-bearing generation of the '60s; a trend toward smaller families helped to diminish the sum further. It was enough to encourage watchers of the population clock. They may not have forgotten, however, that William the Conqueror's original census in 1087 was called, with a certain prophetic ring, the Doomsday Book.

Broadcasting Status

Every presidency develops its own trappings of status. Under Richard Nixon, the favored few who travel on Air Force One cherish their blue, Air Force special-

issue flight jackets emblazoned with the presidential seal and personal silver-and-black name tags. All the President's top aides—Henry Kissinger, John Ehrlichman, H.R. Haldeman—wear them aboard. Even Nixon's personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods, suits up.

Lately there is a new symbol of status. Free of charge, Washington's C & P Telephone Co. has installed ten of its still experimental "picturephones" in the offices of the highest presidential advisers. The gadgets, small TV sets attached to the telephone, allow the presidential elite to dial-in one another's images as well as voices—not that any one of them is likely to forget what the others look like.

Apart from broadcasting status, the picturephones contribute little to the smoother workings of Government. To Egghead Kissinger, they are a technological mystery. He will not call on the device, but does take calls, with a bit of fuming and fussing as he tries to work the thing. "Technology gone mad," he has been heard to mutter. One day when a picturephone call came in, Ehrlichman's large, balding head materialized on Kissinger's screen and his deep voice intoned: "Push the center button, Henry."

White Christmas

What color is Santa Claus? Some U.S. department stores are installing black Santas for their black customers. In Detroit's J.L. Hudson emporium, mothers and children have their choice of lining up for eight white Santas or two black Santas. But 75% of the

blacks have chosen the white Santas.

It is perhaps sad to impose racial politics upon the mythologies of children, but the reasons for the choices are intriguing. The simplest explanation may be that children have almost always seen only white Santas, thus the black man looks odd in the role. But maybe some of the black mothers are making a deliberate choice. Department store Santas can't deliver the goods, of course, only promises, promises. It may be that some mothers prefer to have such gentle hypocrisy emanating from a white Santa Claus.

Bomb Blanket

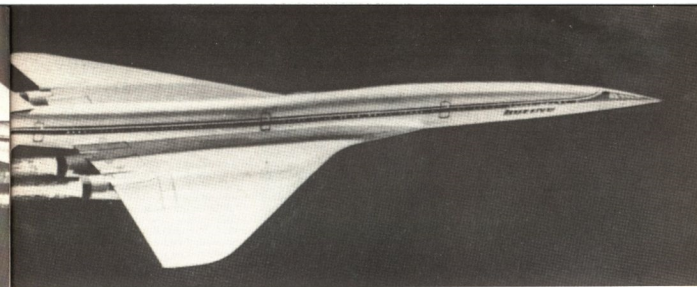
Some of the radical young complain about their revolution being co-opted by the Establishment. But on the other hand, countering revolution head-on has stimulated equal amounts of Establishment enterprise. Pinkerton's, the venerable private constabulary that hunted down Butch Cassidy and was McClellan's private OSS in the Civil War, is marketing 'the new Pinkerton Bomb Blanket, a four-by-four 18-layer core of high-tensile ballistic nylon covered by fire-retardant Herculite to smother incendiary bombs.'

As advertised in *The Wall Street Journal*, Pinkerton's Bomb Blanket is designed to "stop up to 90% of the destructive fragmentation of most home-made bombs." Thus, "if a lethal home-made bomb is planted in your building, you can take immediate, decisive action to save lives and minimize costly damage." The price is only \$149.50, with a 10% discount for orders of five or more. There might, of course, be some additional expense in finding a hero willing to tiptoe up to the bomb and swaddle it in the blanket.



BLACK KIDS WITH WHITE SANTA IN DETROIT





ARTIST'S SKETCH OF BOEING SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT IN FLIGHT

The Congress: Score One for Persistence

AMERICA'S long embryonic supersonic transport plane, which has had no fewer than four Presidents willing to claim fatherhood, turned out last week to be only an idea whose time has not yet come. The development may be merely a forced rest; for the time being, however, the giant 1,800-m.p.h. plane is grounded, thanks to a surprising 52-to-41 Senate vote that denied another \$290 million for its development. Behind the vote was the persistence of a single Senator and the force of a newer idea: protection of the environment.

The Senator was William Proxmire, Wisconsin Democrat. He has led some lonely fights in the past, but none seemed as desperate as his campaign against the SST. The nation has already spent \$800 million on the plane; last year, when Proxmire made a similar attempt to cut off the flow of money, he was defeated 58 to 22. But for the past eight months, he has been joined by a sizable citizens' army of environmentalists, including members of the Sierra Club, the National Wildlife Federation and the Wilderness Society.

Intolerable Noise. In an effort combining both professional and amateur lobbying, they besieged Senators from all over the country—excluding almost none, not even diehard SST backers. Their message: the SST was patently a luxury for the jet set, saving inconsequential hours at huge cost, and potentially a lethal one for everyone. It might pollute the upper air, even cause skin cancer by hampering the formation of the ozone

layer that filters out ultraviolet sunlight, create intolerable noise at airports and monstrous, destructive sonic booms while it was airborne. Finally, they argued, it would take millions of dollars that could be better spent. The day before the vote last Thursday, the lobbyists were still at work, pressing their case in the offices of several Senators.

The salient mark of their effectiveness, and of Proxmire's own unrelenting exposition of anti-SST arguments in the Senate, is the fact that when the roll call came, 19 Senators who voted against Proxmire last year voted for him this time. Before the vote, Senator Edmund Muskie, long an environmental expert, spoke against the added funds and got Proxmire's thanks. Muskie responded with a grin and a clenched-fist gesture that seemed to say, "Let's go get 'em."

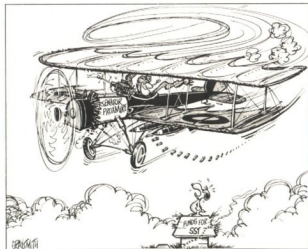
They got 'em. Voting to cut off funds were 34 Democrats and 18 Republicans,

despite last-minute telephone appeals from the White House. Voting with the Administration were 21 Republicans and 20 Democrats. One candid White House aide said: "It was a bad creaming, frankly."

Absentee Problem. While it was the worst, it was not the only defeat Nixon suffered last week as the lame-duck session moved toward its Christmastime end. The Senate Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, turning aside Administration warnings that its \$68.7 billion defense budget was already as lean as it could be, cut \$300 million from it—on top of the \$1.9 billion cut in the House. The full Senate is expected to act on the bill this week. The Administration's housing bill, calling essentially for continuation of existing programs, was defeated; instead, the House passed a bill requiring expenditures of another \$2.4 billion. House Republicans did, however, succeed in eliminating—at

least for the time being—provisions that would have given Washington wide powers in the establishment of new communities. Their success illuminated the absentee problem in the post-election session. "We had the votes," said Representative Thomas Ashley, Ohio Democrat. "We simply didn't have them on the floor."

There were also some successes for the President. The Family Planning Services and Population Research Act of 1970, providing funds for the dissemination of birth control devices and information in the U.S., was approved by a conference committee of both houses and is expected to come up



"CURSE YOU, RED BARON..."

for a final vote this week. There were signs that Elliot Richardson, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and the Senate Finance Committee were making progress toward reviving Nixon's welfare reform program.

Unproven Argument. However, nothing worked last week for proponents of the SST. Their losing fight for the SST was based on economics and industrial patriotism, and it was waged by appropriate leaders: Democratic Senators Warren Magnuson and Henry Jackson of Washington. The SST prototype is being built at the Boeing Co. in Seattle. Drastic layoffs at the firm have already produced an unemployment rate of 12.5% in the city, and an end to the SST project will inevitably mean an end of employment for some of the 4,800 now working on it. Aside from that localized effect, proponents have consistently argued that the U.S. must build the estimated \$40 million plane to maintain its world leadership in commercial aircraft sales (now 85% of the world market). They fear that the British-French version, the Concorde, or the Russians' TU-144, will take over the supersonic field if the U.S. withdraws, and insist that increasingly speedier planes are a technologically inevitable advance in a world committed to going faster and faster ever since the wheel.

Finally, implicit in the debate was the painful proposition that of the \$1.3 billion originally planned for the prototype, \$800 million has already been spent. Was it reasonable to stop now? The environmental argument won; even though the environmental fears are largely unproven, and much of the outcry may be unduly alarmist, the counter-arguments were not strong enough to overcome the doubts. Only the ground-noise problem is generally conceded. Both the White House and Transportation Secretary John Volpe stressed continued support for the SST and its importance to the economy. Nixon called the Senate vote a "devastating mistake," and Volpe spoke of "future benefits to the national economy estimated at more than \$50 billion." But both also acknowledged the power of the environmental arguments. Volpe pledged he would continue to support efforts to prevent noise and pollution side effects in the operation of the SST. Presidential Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said, "We'll have to re-examine our ground" on the questions raised by the SST's opponents.

Compromise. The debate will only be momentarily quiescent. It now goes to a Senate-House conference committee, where Administration supporters will try to have the House stance prevail—it voted for the continued funding. If that fails, as expected, an attempt may be made to win a compromise on an amount lower than \$290 million. Many airline executives will not be unhappy if the plan dies. Their industry is sagging and the prospect of carrying deficit-producing passengers in more expensive planes does not fill them with delight.

Nixon's New Signals in Viet Nam

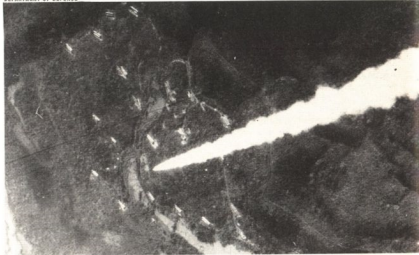
RICHARD NIXON's strategy of Vietnamization faces a new period of peril and testing. The President has declared that he will have ended active U.S. participation in the war by Election Day 1972; indeed, public opinion in the U.S. leaves him no alternative if he is to survive politically. The catch is that as fewer and fewer American soldiers remain, they become more and more vulnerable—as does the survival of South Viet Nam.

The U.S. has not spelled it out officially, but it is clear enough what the President is up to with the recent blitz of air operations against North Viet Nam and the implicit threat of more. U.S. troops have been coming out of Viet Nam at the rate of about 12,500 a month. By mid-1971, according to public pronouncements by both Defense Secretary Melvin Laird and Secretary of State William Rogers, nearly all U.S. troops will be out of combat. North Vietnamese infiltration into the South totaled 50,000 men in the first seven months of 1970, according to the U.S. command in Saigon. Enemy troops are now infiltrating into South Viet Nam,

before it comes. There is every reason to believe that what is already known in Washington jargon as "periodic re-escalation" will continue to cover the American exodus. Like the invasion of Cambodia, the air assaults are designed to buy enough time to make Vietnamization work.

Stretched Limits. The U.S. has been emitting a concentrated barrage of warnings to Hanoi to desist from launching an offensive and to stop shooting down U.S. planes. The daring raid on the Son Tay P.O.W. camp near Hanoi showed that the U.S. could mount a landing deep in North Viet Nam with near impunity. The bombing attacks the same night, involving some 250 U.S. jets, went beyond North Vietnamese anti-aircraft defenses to include large concentrations of troops and supplies massed just inside North Viet Nam near the Laotian border. Early last week a lone U.S. F-105 fighter-bomber attacked an anti-aircraft-missile base in North Viet Nam. To justify the pre-emptive strike, the Pentagon came up with still another coinage in the air-war vocabulary: the pilot had exercised "the inherent

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE



U.S. AIR-TO-SURFACE MISSILE AFTER LAUNCH OVER NORTH VIET NAM

Fewer and fewer, more and more vulnerable.

Laos and Cambodia at an estimated rate of 12,000 monthly.

With the North Vietnamese evidently going in as fast as the Americans are clearing out, a new enemy offensive could catch the U.S. off balance; in any case, the South Vietnamese will have to bear the brunt of any such concerted attack. Predictions of a big enemy offensive bloom perennially at this time of year, though none has taken place since Tet of 1968. Now intelligence experts point to the enemy's buildup of men and matériel and expect a major offensive early in 1971. The U.S. air attacks are meant to blunt that offensive

right of self-defense," even though he had not been fired upon.

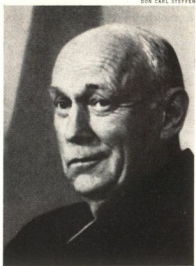
Partly offsetting the latest news on Communist infiltration, President Nixon received a reassuring report on the progress of Vietnamization from Sir Robert Thompson, the retired British officer who helped put down Communist insurgents in Malaya in the 1950s. Thompson has made regular visits to Viet Nam since he headed the British advisory mission there from 1961 to 1965; the latest, a secret five-week tour in September and October, came to light last week. Sir Robert said in London that he was "cautiously optimistic" a year

ago. Now he concludes: "The Vietnamization and pacification programs are no longer fragile. They are no longer vulnerable to any enemy action." The balance of power has shifted, Thompson said. While the Viet Cong are not a military threat, he added, "we have still got to deal with their political underground structure." North Vietnamese soldiers are no longer able to roam freely in South Viet Nam or rely on the Viet Cong for supplies, Thompson reports. Consequently, the North Vietnamese army is much more like a conventional force than before.

Meanwhile the new style of American operations in and over North Viet Nam stretches the limits of the supposed "understandings" that Washington insists it had with Hanoi at the time all bombing of the North stopped on Nov. 1, 1968. Those understandings, which Hanoi disputes, were that there would be no more bombing 1) if the U.S. could continue aerial reconnaissance, 2) if the North Vietnamese stayed out of the DMZ and 3) if enemy shelling of South Vietnamese cities stopped. Last week the Communists stepped up rocket barrages on towns and military installations. At the same time, policymakers in Washington were pressing the argument that the understandings with Hanoi also included a stipulation that the North Vietnamese should negotiate in a "substantive or productive way" at the Paris peace talks. David K.E. Bruce, the chief U.S. representative in Paris, said flatly last week: "There never has been any negotiation."

Rigid Way. The renewed U.S. air attacks, coupled with the fresh assertions in Washington about the "understandings," strongly suggested that the Administration is laying a foundation to justify periodic raids on the North. If the enemy indeed plans a major offensive to test how well the South Vietnamese will stand up with diminished help from the U.S. on the ground, the Americans are plainly trying to signal that any such move will bring a repetition of the widespread strikes of three weeks ago. "We hope they will get the message," says a White House adviser. They may well not. Even full-scale bombing of the North before the formal halt two years ago made no decisive dent in Hanoi's determination.

The President is taking a gamble. He can only hope that his threats to the enemy will allow him to get U.S. troops out without great difficulty. One Eastern European diplomat thinks that if the North Vietnamese were smart, they would lie doggo for a while "because it could force President Nixon to step up his withdrawal schedule, and you would have a very difficult time finding an excuse to bomb them." He believes, however, that Hanoi will not do that. "They go on in their rigid way," he says. "They have been fighting so long that it is a way of life. If they are not fighting, they are uncomfortable. They feel naked."



DR. ROGER EGERBERG
An epidemic of exits.

THE ADMINISTRATION Exit Egeberg

The Nixon Administration's epidemic of exits has apparently infected the nation's chief health officer, Dr. Roger O. Egeberg, Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs. Only 17 months ago Egeberg was widely viewed as a man who could heal the wounds left by the White House's rejection of Dr. John Knowles, the controversial Bostonian who was originally slated to get the job. But last week all signs indicated that Egeberg will be ousted from his key post in the Health, Education and Welfare Department some time around the first of the year.

A tall, affable Democrat, Egeberg has been an Administration outsider from the start. In appearances before congressional committees, he has often damned Nixon health programs with less than faint praise. Six months ago, he publicly questioned whether the White House knew what was going on in the health field.

For their part, Administration insiders have questioned whether Egeberg knows what is going on in HEW. They complain that it took him eleven months to fill three of the department's five top health posts with nominees acceptable to the Administration. Critics charge that he has been too immersed in petty bickering with other HEW officials to do his own job. Egeberg claims to have the complete confidence of HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson. But Richardson has yet to make a public statement supporting Egeberg.

Two weeks ago, an aide to Vice President Agnew sounded out one possible successor, Dr. Neil Solomon, a 38-year-old Democrat who heads Maryland's Department of Health and Mental Hygiene. Solomon not only turned down the job, but he went out of his way to praise Egeberg. "Dr. Egeberg," he said,

"is well qualified to lead the nation in this field if the Administration will only give him adequate support." Others mentioned for the post are Dr. Vernon Wilson, director of HEW's Health Services and Mental Health Administration, and Dr. Charles Edwards, head of the Food and Drug Administration.

More likely candidates are Dr. Leonard Cronkite Jr., director of the Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston, and Dr. Thomas Points, a Deputy Assistant Secretary at HEW. Both men rank high on previously compiled lists of possible assistant secretaries. Equally important to an Administration that is visibly tired of internal dissension, both are Republicans.

... And Farmer

Along with its first physician, the Nixon sub-Cabinet is losing its most prominent black member, HEW Assistant Secretary James Farmer. His voluntary resignation, expected for several months, was scheduled to be announced this week.

The parting is described by the Administration as friendly; Farmer plans to return to the lucrative lecture circuit and to organize a Washington-based consulting firm that will probably get federal contracts. But his departure symbolizes another type of defeat for a civil rights leader who once had national influence. The onetime national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, Farmer, now 50, lost much of his following to younger and more militant black spokesmen in the mid-1960s.

Expecting financial support from the Office of Economic Opportunity during the Johnson Administration, Farmer attempted to establish a major program to combat illiteracy among the poor. The money was not granted, and the project never got beyond the planning stage. In 1968, Farmer ran for Congress as a Brooklyn Republican-Liberal. AP



JAMES FARMER
Reclaiming an independent voice.

spite his national reputation, he lost to Shirley Chisholm, then a state legislator. As a member of the Nixon Administration, Farmer was rarely consulted on important policy issues. Nor did he have much clout as an advocate for the black movement. Much of his time was spent traveling to campuses—particularly black schools—in an attempt to maintain some kind of communication between the Administration and black students. Now, says Farmer, he hopes to reduce the alienation of blacks by reclaiming an independent voice outside the Government. His post at HEW is to be taken by Rodney Brady, a white California businessman and a Republican, selected for his professional managerial skills rather than his politics.

Repairing the Lines

Nothing has so angered Republican moderates and liberals on the Hill as their studied neglect by the Republican in the White House. Their alienation has cost the President votes on a number of issues in the past two years, and last week Nixon began repairing his badly frayed lines of communication.

He spent an hour and a half one afternoon with Vermont's George Aiken and Kentucky's John Sherman Cooper, both Republicans on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee who have been persistently critical of Nixon's policies. Next day the President invited another Senate critic, Massachusetts' Edward Brooke, to come by for a talk. In his most conciliatory gesture, Nixon ap-

pointed a new White House lobbyist in Congress.

His choice was Clark MacGregor, 48, a moderate G.O.P. Congressman who, at the President's urging, ran for the Senate this fall against Hubert Humphrey and lost. A hearty Minnesotan with Scott-red hair and a gregarious political nature, MacGregor has spent ten years in Congress, thoroughly understands its members and nuances. With a strong civil rights record, he should find a receptive audience among the Republican congressional liberals.

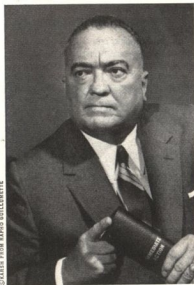
Bigger Tent. According to MacGregor, Nixon now intends to practice the "politics of inclusion." Says MacGregor: "I have tried to make the point that the Republican Party is a big tent, and should be bigger. Var-

J. Edgar Hoover Speaks Out With Vigor

For 46 years, under eight Presidents, J. Edgar Hoover has presided over the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He will be 76 on New Year's Day, but the prickly views on everything from his former bosses to the "jackals of the press," the frank prejudices, the devotion to the bureau pour forth with undiminished vigor. On the wall of his office is a mounted saffish whose staring eyes are as steady as the chief's own. There Hoover discussed a variety of topics with TIME Correspondent Dean Fischer. Excerpts from the interview:

ON REDUCING CRIME: First, there must be improvements in the training and salaries of law-enforcement officers. Second, there must be court improvements. Many judges don't sit as long hours as they should; they come in at ten o'clock, take a two-hour lunch break, and go home early in the evening. Third, there must be improvements in the penitentiaries. Some people come out worse than they went in. I have been accused of opposing parole and probation. I'm heartily in favor of them. But I am vigorously opposed to the abuse of parole and probation. The bleeding hearts on parole boards ought to be a little tougher. [In the matter of preventive detention] people who commit serious felonies—rape, murder, hijacking and kidnapping—should be incarcerated until they're tried, but it's absolutely wrong that they should have to wait seven or eight months before their trials.

ON EXTREMIST GROUPS: Bombings are the most serious threat to society because of the activities of the Black Panthers, the S.D.S. and the Weathermen. You take last year, when 23 police officers were killed and 188 injured by [black] racial extremists. The Black Panthers are directly associated with guerrillas in Jordan and Algiers. They pose the worst threat from the standpoint of violence.



FBI DIRECTOR HOOVER

ON PROTECTING THE PRESIDENT: We cooperate with the Secret Service on presidential trips abroad. You never have to bother about a President being shot by Puerto Ricans or Mexicans. They don't shoot very straight. But if they come at you with a knife, beware.

ON THE FBI'S IMAGE: We have recruited 50% of our [1,000] new agents from the officer corps in Viet Nam. You get a man who has been in command of men and he has to use good judgment. They all have to be above average in personal appearance. You won't find long hair or sideburns à la Namath here. There are no hippies. The public has an image of what an FBI agent should look like.

ON ROBERT KENNEDY: My differences with Bobby were very unfortunate. His father

was one of my closest friends. He wanted me to lower our qualifications and to hire more Negro agents... I said, "Bobby, that's not going to be done as long as I'm director of this bureau." He said, "I don't think you're being cooperative." And I said, "Why don't you get a new director?" I went over to see President Johnson and he told me to "stick to your guns." But there was no disagreement about organized crime.

ON HIS 1964 MEETING WITH KING: I got a wire from the Reverend Doctor King in New York. He was getting ready to get the Nobel Prize—he was the last one in the world who should ever have received it. He wired asking to see me.* I held him in complete contempt because of the things he said and because of his conduct. First I felt I shouldn't see him, but then I thought he might become a martyr if I didn't. King was very suave and smooth. He sat right there where you're sitting and said he never criticized the FBI. I said, "Mr. King"—I never called him reverend—"stop right there. You're lying." He then pulled out a press release that he said he intended to give to the press. I said, "Don't show it to me or read it to me." I couldn't understand how he could have prepared a press release ever before we met. Then he asked if I'd go out to have a photograph taken with him. I said I certainly would mind. And I said, "If you ever say anything that's a lie again, I'll brand you a liar again." Strange to say, he never attacked the Bureau again for as long as he lived.

* The celebrated meeting between the two men occurred Dec. 1, 1964, after Hoover called King "the most notorious liar in the country" for advising civil rights workers to avoid making complaints to FBI men because they were Southerners, and King then suggested that Hoover had "faltered" under the burdens of office.

ious Republicans reflect different constituencies, but all of these are the President's constituencies."

The first task, as MacGregor knows, will be communications. His own are secure: he will report directly to Nixon rather than through presidential aides. MacGregor promised that all congressional phone calls will be answered within 24 hours; the lack of prompt response is a point of much criticism. MacGregor may increase his office's staff as much as 50%. He also vowed to let Congressmen know exactly where the President stands on pending legislation. Says MacGregor: "I'm going to be in the position of a lawyer with one client and a jury of 535. The cause is attractive. It is the legislative success of the Nixon Administration."

ON THE FBI'S CAMPUS ACTIVITIES: A lot has been said in the press about the FBI swarming onto the campuses. The FBI is not on any campus. A Princeton professor blamed me for having agents on the campus, and he even called me a bastard. I wrote him that the FBI never goes on a campus except to investigate bombings of federally funded buildings, and while I do not indulge in vulgarity, I called him a liar. It's an absolute lie. Of course, most students think we shouldn't go on unless they invite us. They can have as many demonstrations, sit-ins, lay-ins as they want, and we will never look into it. I think students have a perfect right to dissent and to express their views through proper channels. But they ought not to resolve their differences by throwing bricks and bottles on the streets.

ON HIS HEALTH AND HABITS: I told the President I'd remain as long as my physical condition permitted. We have employees in the bureau who are in their 80s. I've always been against retiring a man by age; the longer a man is with us, the more valuable he becomes. To keep fit, I walk several blocks almost daily to the office. [His other recreation consists of TV watching and playing the horses at nearby tracks.] I live on the edge of Rock Creek Park, and I used to walk there. I can't do it now because of [crime] conditions in this city. I've been very observant of my weight. I had to cut off 20 pounds, and I had to give up everything I like, like chocolate cream pie. My two dogs are among the smartest and most affectionate dogs I've ever seen. Anybody would think twice before they'd commit murder because of the way those dogs bark. They're great company to me. The less I think of some people, the more I think of my dogs. I can leave in the morning and be in a bad mood, and when I come home at night they'll jump all over me.

BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY. 70 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U.S.A. JOHN DE KUYPER & SON, N.Y., N.Y.



iced blackberries

(De Kuyper's delicious instead-of-dessert dessert)



The fragrance of freshly picked Blackberries. A perfect after dinner treat in a snifter or on the rocks. It's more than delicious—it's De Kuyper.

(Say it like the Dutch do: De-ki-per.)

My Lai: The Case Against Calley

THE trial had not been going badly for Lieut. William L. Calley Jr. During the first three weeks, Prosecutor Aubrey Daniel easily established that a massacre of unarmed, docile South Vietnamese had indeed taken place at My Lai. But Daniel complained of being "particularly handicapped" now, nearly 33 months after the fact, in proving Calley guilty of murdering anyone, let alone the 102 victims cited in the indictment. Most of the witnesses were vague and inconclusive as to who had issued the orders and squeezed the triggers. One of Daniel's most important witnesses, Paul David Meadlo, refused to testify at all.

Then Witness No. 31 at the Fort Benning court-martial altered the trial's course in a full day of dramatic tes-

sides and arms and legs." Meadlo, Conti related, was weeping. He tried to give his rifle to Conti. "I told him I couldn't," the witness continued. "Let Lieut. Calley kill them . . . Some kids were still standing and Calley finished them off with single shots."

A second and much larger group of Vietnamese died in an irrigation ditch on the east side of My Lai. Conti approached, he said, and saw "Lieut. Calley and Sergeant [David] Mitchell standing on a dike, firing . . . There were people in [the ditch] and Calley and Mitchell were firing into it . . . I saw one woman try to get up. I saw Lieut. Calley fire and blow the side of her head off. So I left."

Well spoken, unemotional, direct in

calm. When Kay persisted about Conti's supposed quest for women on the day of the shootings, asking, "You found one, didn't you?" Conti replied: "This was later in the day, up by the river way beyond My Lai 4." The defense also underscored a discrepancy between Conti's testimony last week and his earlier statements at the trial of David Mitchell, who was acquitted. At the Mitchell trial, Conti was not as definite as he was last week about whether Calley and Mitchell were shooting into the ditch or merely near it.

Red and Wet. Robert Maples, 22, a machine-gunner in the platoon and now a warehouse worker in Freehold, N.J., swore that Calley had asked him to use his machine gun on the Vietnamese. Maples said that he had refused.

Interrogation by George Latimer, Calley's senior counsel, brought out two weaknesses in Maples' testimony. The witness conceded that Calley had not actually ordered him to fire on the civilians. He also acknowledged that he had not seen victims being struck by bullets. However, Maples observed, "the people that was in there did not come out." Charles Hall, an assistant gunner, remembered the victims with "blood coming out of all parts of their bodies. It was very red and very wet."

Meadlo, one man said to be close to Calley at both slaughter sites, had talked freely about his and Calley's role at My Lai when the case surfaced a year ago. But now Meadlo was claiming Fifth Amendment protection against self-incrimination. The Government has not attempted to prosecute any of the servicemen now out of the Army. The prosecution offered Meadlo a grant of immunity signed by Major General Orwin Talbott, commander of Fort Benning. Meadlo's lawyer argued that the writ was worthless, that his client might conceivably be tried by some special tribunal, U.S. or foreign, for war crimes.

Vast Confusion. Chances are that Prosecutor Daniel is no longer counting on Meadlo's testimony. Daniel plans to conclude his case this week by calling to the witness stand other members of the Calley platoon. The defense has in cross-examination tried to raise the possibility that artillery fire or helicopter strafing inflicted the casualties. Also, two witnesses said that they found a rifle near the body of one Vietnamese. Another, contradicting all the other testimony, said that he believed that some hostile fire was directed at the G.I.s. But the defense has not begun to make its real case yet.

From the give and take at the trial so far, the vista emerging is one of vast confusion. Soldiers wandered about the hamlet setting fires, shooting at people and animals, rounding up villagers. In addition to the mass killings described by Conti, individuals and small groups were also shot down. One question that the Calley trial has not grappled with yet, and may not confront at all, is why it all happened.



DENNIS CONTI



ROBERT MAPLES



LIEUT. WILLIAM L. CALLEY JR.

"There were lots of heads and pieces of heads shot off."

timony last week. Dennis Conti, 21, a private first class in Calley's platoon and now a truck driver in Providence, told how he and Meadlo held a group of 30 to 40 villagers—most of them women and children—on a trail in My Lai at Calley's orders. Calley returned, Conti went on, and said: "I thought I told you to take care of these people." I said "We are. We're guarding them." Calley said, "No, kill them." He said to come around to this side, get on line and fire into them. I told him I would guard a tree line, with my grenade launcher, while they fired."

Steady Stare. What happened next? asked Daniel. "Calley and Meadlo got on line and fired directly into the people." What were the people doing? "They screamed and yelled. Some tried to get up. There were lots of heads and pieces of heads shot off, and flesh flew off the

manner. Conti seemed to be an effective witness for the prosecution. When Calley stared at him, he stared back steadily. When one of the defense attorneys, Richard Kay, shouted at him, trying to establish that Conti had been a heavy user of marijuana while in Viet Nam, he coolly denied it. Conti did admit when pressed that at the time of the My Lai operation he was being treated for a venereal disease.

From there Kay attempted to establish that Conti had bragged to his buddies about raping women in Viet Nam; that on two occasions Calley had stopped Conti from attacking women; that, in My Lai, Conti had threatened to shoot a woman's baby if she refused to submit; that Conti hated Calley and wanted "to see Lieut. Calley hang." Kay elicited only denials on these points, but he did manage to shake Conti's

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REFUGEES

No Sanctuary for Simonas

With mounting anger, Richard Nixon summoned an aide to confirm the accuracy of the item he was reading in the weekend news digest prepared for him. Then he lost his customary cool. "It was a sight to behold. His face turned red with anger; he banged his fist on the arm of his chair. I've seldom seen him so furious," reported one man in the room. "Those idiots, those fools—brainless bureaucrats!" Nixon fumed. "This is outrageous, this

is inhuman, this is going to wreck the image of the country."

What had so enraged the President was an incident off Cape Cod in U.S. waters that had occurred on Nov. 23. In a series of monumental gaffes, the Coast Guard had first refused asylum to a defecting Soviet sailor, then permitted Russian seamen to board a U.S. cutter, beat the would-be defector into unconsciousness before the eyes of the crew, then return with him—in a Coast Guard launch—to a waiting Soviet vessel. Preoccupied with the Son Tay prisoner-of-war camp raid, the President

did not see reports of the incident until a week later. By then, much of what took place had been pieced together.

Alert Goes Up. The stage for the defection attempt was a previously arranged rendezvous—to discuss fishing rights—off the coast of Martha's Vineyard between the Coast Guard cutter *Vigilant* and the Soviet refrigerated fishing ship *Sovietskaya Litva*. The talks were just under way aboard the *Sovietskaya Litva* when a crew member approached one of the Americans and said that he wanted to defect.

Word was quickly passed to the *Vig-*

AMERICAN SCENE

Consol No. 9: A Decent Burial

It has been two years since the disaster at Consol No. 9 trapped 78 men in a trembling, burning tomb beneath Marion County, W. Va. Consol No. 9 was one of the worst tragedies in the history of an industry that has seen tens of thousands of tragedies, and for the families the end of it has not yet been reached. *TIME* Correspondent Arthur White visited the small communities near Farmington, where the wives, children and parents of Consol No. 9's victims—222 dependents in all—search to honor the dead. His report:

THE timbered, rolling hills of Marion County have seen death, and the markers dot the landscape. Here 361 perished at Monongah in 1907. There is Mount Calvary Cemetery where hundreds of them were buried in mass graves. In Farmington, there is a monument to 16 men killed in Consol No. 9 in 1954. Up the street races a boy whose father died in those same shafts two years ago. Out at the entrance to the Llewellyn Portal—the center of the explosions and fires on Nov. 20, 1968—a wooden frame holds a dozen bouquets put there on the second anniversary of the most recent Marion County mining disaster. The wreaths bear the phrases: "In loving memory," "Sadly missed."

There is a tradition in mining communities as old as grief, but layered over with the special stresses of men who go into mines: the dead must have a decent burial; the bodies must be recovered. Since the 1968 disaster, only five of the bodies have been brought out of the mine (three of them last week, the first to be found since October 1969), and returned to their families for burial. For the rest, there is division over what should be done.

As recovery operations stretched to 15 months—the longest and costliest in mining history—some of the widows sought an end to the strain of wondering "when the phone will ring to

say they've found him." Worried that their husbands' bodies had been incinerated in the intense fires of the explosions, and discouraged by Consolidation Coal Co.'s reports that recovery could stretch over years, they agreed to a plan that would seal off from commercial production the portion of the mine containing the most inaccessible bodies. That area would become a cemetery, and a monument to the miners would be erected on the surface.

The plan was originated by The Rev. Everett Briggs of St. Stanislaus Catholic Church in Monongah. "They've been living under a pall of death," The Rev. Briggs said. "There was this fantasy that widows couldn't remarry because their husbands weren't buried. They couldn't reorganize their lives."

The proposal was submitted to Consolidation's officers and quickly approved, with a \$10,000 payment going to each of the families. Under the plan, Consolidation could resume commercial operation of the still accessible portion of the mine. An agreement, contingent upon approval of United Mine Workers, the U.S. Bureau of Mines and the West Virginia Department of Mines, was drawn up and signed by 70 widows.

It was not an easy decision: "Tears rolled down my cheeks all the time I was signing the agreement," Mrs. Juanita Mayle said. "It was like putting a price tag on our husbands' bodies." Mrs. Barbara Toler, 25, like the other young widows, has had difficulty planning for the future: "I go with a very fine man—he's a miner—and we do plan to be married. But until this is settled, I don't feel I'm free," Mrs. Toler signed the agreement after "the company told us it would take three to five years to get them out."

Mrs. Elizabeth Skarzynski is familiar with tragedy. Her grandfather was killed in the worst disaster in U.S. mining history, the blast at Monongah that killed 361. She signed the agreement, but still hopes for the recovery of her husband's body: "I just bought two plots at Mount

Calvary Cemetery. Even if they don't find my husband, I'll have a marker there for him, and that'll be our place." Women whose husbands were closest to the blast fear that their bodies were cremated and want the agreement's assurance that the shafts will be "inviolate . . . in perpetuity."

There are other widows who have bought cemetery plots, who want their husbands' bodies recovered, but, faced with no foreseeable resolution of their fealty to the dead, still signed the agree-

WILLIAM SHANAHAN—WIDOW'S VOICE



WIDOWS & FRIENDS AT MEMORIAL

ment. What will happen is as uncertain as the slow, dangerous job of digging into the pits where the men were entombed. Government and union officials have balked at the agreement. The Bureau of Mines wants to continue the investigation into the causes of the disaster.

More than that, a local union official insists, the fragile emotional balance that miners must strike with fear each day they enter the mines will be forever shaken. "Mine folklore says they must be got out. To go down every day, the miner must know that if anything goes wrong, there will be unrelenting effort to get him out. If they give up in Consol No. 9, even though they're dead, miners will remember and fear it may happen to the living one day. A miner has his legends."

ilant's skipper, Commander Ralph Eustis, who in turn radioed the news to his superior, Rear Admiral William B. Ellis, in Boston. From there, the alert went up to Coast Guard headquarters in Washington and finally, at 2:30 p.m., to the Russian affairs desk of the State Department. The deskman instructed the Coast Guard not to entice the sailor, but under any circumstances to "keep me apprised" of what happens next.

Fought Desperately. According to eyewitnesses, the sailor—a Lithuanian named Simonas Kudirka—jumped ten feet to the deck of the Coast Guard cutter at 4:30 p.m. and pleaded for sanctuary. When informed of the situation, Admiral Ellis reportedly directed the ship's commander to follow "normal" procedure for dealing with stowaway crew members from another vessel. Such procedure stipulates that the skipper of the ship from which the sailor jumps must give a written request for the return of his man.

Though he apparently argued the decision for several hours, Commander Eustis complied with Ellis' order, and three Russian sailors were allowed to board the *Vigilant* to take Kudirka back. But he fought desperately, and pleaded with the Americans to let him stay. Recalls Robert Breeze, one of the U.S. fishing experts who was aboard the Coast Guard cutter: "He was crying 'Help!' and was on his knees praying and begging them to save his life. The Russians came aboard. Sometimes I couldn't see him, but I could hear him crying. Then he ran to the upper deck. His face was all bloody."

Kudirka fought so fiercely that three additional sailors from the *Sovietskaya Litva* were required to subdue him. They did not leave the *Vigilant* with their prisoner until close to midnight, nearly five hours after the Coast Guard had originally reported that Kudirka was back aboard the Russian ship.

No Guarantee. That the Coast Guard permitted Kudirka to be beaten aboard an American vessel, and turned him over to the Russians is, at best, incredible. What is more, the American actions could also be a violation of Article 33 of the Geneva Convention on Refugees. That covenant states: "No contracting state shall expel or return a refugee in any manner whatsoever to the frontiers of territories where his life or freedom would be threatened." In Russian hands, Kudirka now has no guarantee of either.

Amidst a growing public outcry, President Nixon moved to ensure that such an incident can never happen again. In a hastily written directive, he ordered that under no circumstances in the future should anyone be "arbitrarily or summarily returned" without a full study of his case. At the same time, the Coast Guard relieved Admiral Ellis, his chief aide, Captain Fletcher Brown, and Commander Eustis from their duties "pending completion and review of an investigation."

TIME ESSAY

CONGRESS: THE

ALL things are changing," Republican Leader Hugh Scott told his Senate colleagues not long ago. "And we are changing with them. *Omnia mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*" Right on, Senator Scott! Congress may be changing, but at what a pace. About as often as the planet Pluto swings around the sun, Congress does indeed bestir itself, examines the archaic rules by which it conducts the nation's business and gently blows away some of the accumulated dust of more than 180 years. But never enough to disturb one tradition—the hallowed rule of seniority—that has often prevented Congress, whether liberal or conservative, Democratic or Republican, from working effectively to represent the will of the electorate.

The effect of the seniority system on the Federal Government can be explained by three facts: 1) most of the real work in Congress is done in and by committees; 2) the chairmen of these committees have vast, often dictatorial influence over the legislation that falls within their realms; 3) with almost no exceptions, these chairmen have gained their exalted positions for the simple reason that they have been on their committees longer than anyone else in the majority party, which, of course, always controls the committees. The seniority rule thus gives the U.S. the peculiar distinction of having the only legislative gerontocracy on the globe.

A Greater Degree. Consider the results: twelve of the 16 Senate committee chairmen are 65 and over; five of these are in their 70s, and one is 80. Fourteen of the 21 chairmen in the House of Representatives are 65 and over, seven in their 70s, two in their 80s. The figures are comparable for the Republicans and will be about the same in the new Congress, despite the death, retirement, or defeat in the recent elections of several powerful patriarchs.

Admittedly, age is not an automatic disability. Some statesmen—like Churchill or De Gaulle—come into their own when those around them are heading for the nursing home and the checkers table. But one does not have to join the youth cult to suggest that length of tenure should not be the sole criterion for choosing the men who help determine the country's future.

Despite some restraints instituted in recent years, chairmen on many committees still control the agenda and can bring up a bill at their own convenience. In some committees a chairman can refuse to bring up a bill altogether. Mississippi's James Eastland, 66, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and one of the most notorious racists in the upper body, has often ignored and sometimes killed civil rights bills

by that method. Through similar control of procedures, Wilbur Mills, the Representative of a rural Arkansas constituency, has as much as or more power than the President in determining changes in tax, welfare and Social Security laws, simply because primogeniture has given him the chairmanship of the House Ways and Means Committee (even his opponents, however, concede that he is able and conscientious).

Control of the agenda is only the beginning of the chairman's powers. He rewards his supporters and punishes those who vote against him by granting or withholding favors. He can even reward or punish their constituents by influencing the allocation of federal grants and the placement of installations. Since charity begins at home, he can almost always point to the many benefits seniority has brought his own district.

Marginal Role. The congressional seniority system is thus the last and most important stronghold of a near-medieval system of fealty. The House Armed Services Committee, for example, is subdivided into 21 other committees, each with great if somewhat lesser power than the whole, and each with a great if somewhat lesser chairman. While he owes allegiance to his chairman, the head of a subcommittee still has considerable power of his own and considerable authority over those under him. As a result of so much power being concentrated at the top, there is virtually none at the bottom. In the House, where the seniority system is most oppressive, a new member is virtually impotent. Whatever his talent or promise, he must resign himself to a marginal role in Congress for his first few terms. "The damage you never see is the worst," says Columbia University philosopher Charles Frankel, who watched Capitol Hill from 1965 to 1967 as Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs. "Young, bright Congressmen come to Washington full of ideas and interest, and shortly become discouraged."

Many of the men who run Congress are stodgy and opposed to new ideas. But their age is only part of the problem. To get to the top they must be elected over and over again; generally those constituencies that give such automatic approval are in rural, one-party districts or are dominated by big-city machines. In either case their Congressmen are unlikely to be responsive to change and sensitive to the strong currents that buffet junior and more vulnerable colleagues from swing districts.

There are, to be sure, significant arguments in favor of seniority. It provides stability and expertise, it eliminates the possibility that outside pres-

THE WORLD



WARSAW PACT LEADERS MEET IN EAST BERLIN'S NIEDERSCHOENHAUSEN CASTLE



NATO FOREIGN MINISTERS ASSEMBLED IN BRUSSELS HEADQUARTERS

Europe: Of Defense and Détente

IN its 21 years of existence, NATO has always had the rich kid's problem: it carries plenty of big bills but is forever short of small change. U.S. nuclear warheads have protected the alliance's 14 other members against the doomsday stockpile of any potential aggressor, but the problem has been with less powerful armaments.

In the 1960s, NATO planners began to broaden their defenses with a strategy of "flexible response," employing larger numbers of conventional forces, backed by tactical nuclear weapons. But the shift in emphasis came slowly, and so did the money to finance it. Last week, however, the alliance's foreign and defense ministers decided at a meeting in Brussels to concentrate still harder on the vital small change elements of their defenses. In what Melvin Laird called "the most important [NATO meeting] in my tenure as Secretary of Defense," they adopted a \$1 billion program for the 1970s that will dramatically upgrade Europe's conventional, non-nuclear forces.

A.D. 70. The plan reflects a recognition by West Europeans of several recent disturbing developments. The most important is the growth of the Soviet Union's nuclear inventory to near parity with that of the U.S.

At Laird's suggestion, military research experts from 13 nations began work last February on an answer to the Soviet challenge. The result is a thick document called A.D. 70 (for Alliance Defense, 1970). It concluded that NATO possesses "adequate nuclear forces," but that its conventional military strength "is less satisfactory"—quite an understatement in view of the Warsaw Pact's 2-to-1 edge in troop strength. The report recommended and the members unanimously approved:

► Concrete hangars for NATO aircraft. Having watched the destruction of

Egypt's air force by Israel during the Six-Day War, both NATO and the Warsaw Pact forces are anxious to cover their own fighter-bombers.

► A buildup of tanks and antitank guns. Soviet tank tactics are far ahead of the West's.

► More antisubmarine devices. NATO tracking equipment has not kept pace with the enormous Soviet buildup in the Mediterranean.

► A decentralization of troops and gear, a more rapid call-up system for European reserves and standardization of communications equipment.

A.D. 70 is the first major NATO program that will be paid for entirely by European members, who pledged to ante up some \$920 million above their normal contributions over the next five years. The West Germans alone are paying for 40% of the "infrastructure" items, and will also provide low-cost credit to Turkey for its share. Even Lux-

embourg, with its army of 560 men, responded to the call and doubled its normal pledge (to \$1,900,000).

No Pullout. Considering Europe's current prosperity, the NATO pledge was still rather modest. Nevertheless, it reversed a longstanding lack of interest in the alliance that has worried U.S. defense planners for some time, and Washington was quick to show its gratitude. Laird pledged to seek a substantial increase in the U.S. defense budget for fiscal 1972—perhaps as much as \$3 billion—part of which would benefit NATO. Perhaps more important, he promised that the U.S. would not reduce its present 285,000-man troop level before the summer of 1972. To underscore that pledge, Secretary of State William Rogers read a message from President Nixon promising that no pullout will occur even after that date "unless there is reciprocal action from our adversaries."

The President's words irritated a sizable number of U.S. Senators who want to end, or at least reduce, the 25-year-old American military presence on the Continent and let Europe meet its own conventional defense needs. Opponents of this view argue that a U.S. withdrawal would set in motion the "Finlandization" of the Continent, prompting its countries to work out accommodations with Moscow from positions of weakness. Nonetheless, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's resolution calling for a substantial reduction has already been co-sponsored by 50 of his colleagues. He is expected to introduce it some time next year. Even if the Senate approves the resolution, the President will not be bound by it; however, supporters might try to limit defense appropriations for U.S. troops in Europe.

Overall, the NATO ministers' attitude toward the Soviet Union was tougher than it has been for years. This was especially evident in their reaction to

TRUCKERS PLAYING SOCCER ON AUTOBAHN



Better ideas make better cars: 1971 Mercury Marquis.



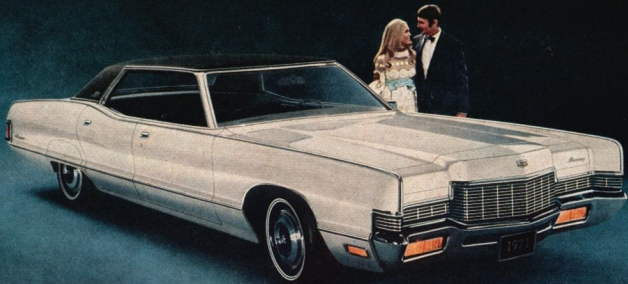
1. Take the most dramatic styling in the medium-priced class.

Every detail contributes to the dramatic look of the 1971 Marquis. The elegant, textured grille. The concealed headlamps. The bold contours of the power dome hood. The vinyl roof edged with chrome on Brougham models.



2. Add the best ride ideas from the world's most expensive cars.

The Marquis has a ride only the world's great luxury cars can match—so smooth you can sip tea at 45 mph without spilling. Extra insulation is used in 30 areas of the car to hush wind and road noise.



3. And you have a better medium-priced car.

The Marquis Brougham comes with a 429 cubic inch V-8 engine, Select-Shift automatic transmission, concealed headlamps, vinyl roof, power steering, power windows, power brakes. It takes better ideas to make better cars. Mercury makes better cars—to buy, rent, or lease. See your nearby Mercury dealer soon.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIV.





"I died three years before she was born."

"Just before I passed out, I remember thinking, 'This is what it's like to die.' They couldn't find a pulse, and my blood pressure was about as low as it could go. My son told the family he was sure I was a goner."

Five years ago, long before his granddaughter was born, Bernie Wallach was as close to death as anyone can get.

He had a heart attack. Bad as it was, Bernie Wallach was a lucky man. Lucky enough to be near a hospital with General Electric coronary-care monitoring equipment. Holy Cross Hospital, Silver Spring, Maryland.

The first thing doctors did was put the monitoring equipment to work. It gave them an instant electronic reading of Bernie's condition. And treatment began immediately.

During his entire stay in the coronary-care facility, the GE equipment continuously monitored his life functions. Checked every beat of his heart. Measured every pulse of his blood.

Spotted conditions that could lead to another heart attack.

The split second anything went wrong, the monitor was ready to sound an alarm. And a medical team could go into action.

Coronary monitoring equipment improves a heart patient's chance of survival by about 30%. And people like Bernie Wallach are alive today because of it. Alive and active.

This is only one way General Electric is helping medical science fight heart disease.

Thousands of people depend on GE pacemakers to trigger their heartbeats. GE silicones are used in artificial arteries and heart valves. And a revolutionary artificial lung from GE will soon greatly increase the time a doctor has to perform delicate open-heart surgery.

It may take years of work to add years to a life. But the people at General Electric think that kind of progress is well worth it.

Men helping Man

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Lou Hinton got an extra holiday bonus this year.



First came a generous year-end bonus check from his law firm. And then Lou received a 6 lb., 8 oz. tax deduction from his wife, a genuine bonus baby boy. With all that good fortune, Lou just had to break out the holiday bottle of Harper's a little early and celebrate. The first bonus would easily cover the second.

Enjoy I.W. Harper 86 Proof Gold Medal, 100 Proof Bottled in Bond, or our superb new 12-Year-Old, all handsomely gift-wrapped in holiday colors at no extra cost.

I.W. Harper. Sometimes the bourbon has to be this good.



Moscow's top-priority diplomatic project, a European Security Conference designed to affirm the status quo on the Continent. In their final communiqué, the NATO members announced that they would attend such a conference only if: 1) the Big Four reach an agreement on the position of West Berlin, and 2) other "ongoing talks," especially SALT, are "proceeding favorably."

Meaty Bone. The Russians last week seemed to be trying to meet the conditions. On short notice, they brought together leaders of the Warsaw Pact nations in East Berlin for their third summit in a year. Plainly, the spur-of-the-moment powwow was designed chiefly to apply fraternal persuasion to East Germany's Walter Ulbricht to accept a Berlin agreement.

The communiqué that emerged from the secret summit indicated that old Walter's comrades were observing what one State Department official called "Leano-Ulbricht Day." It hailed the "great international significance" of West Germany's treaties with Moscow and Warsaw, which could only have galvanized the East German leader. It described Europe as a place "where the tendencies toward *détente* and all-embracing neighborly cooperation are increasingly emerging," which is not exactly how Ulbricht sees it. The communiqué also pointedly omitted any demand for immediate West German recognition of East Germany, calling instead for the establishment of "equal relations."

In spite of all this, the East Berlin summit was hardly a humiliation for Ulbricht. The speed with which the meeting was convened—Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev flew to East Berlin straight from Armenia—indicated how anxious Ulbricht's comrades were to court him. In addition, the communiqué tossed Walter a very meaty bone. While it acknowledged for the first time that any agreement on West Berlin must "correspond to the needs" of the divided city's people, it also noted that "the legitimate interests and sovereign rights" of Ulbricht's regime must be taken into account. In the past, that wording has been translated into a demand for East German control of the overland access routes to West Berlin.

The West has rejected such an arrangement—for reasons that were all too obvious last week. To protest a meeting of West Germany's Christian Democratic Party in West Berlin, East German border guards slowed traffic on the three *Autobahnen* that link the isolated city to the West. The result: *Autobahnen* delays of up to 14 hours for some travelers and miles-long lines of mammoth semitrailers, whose drivers organized pickup soccer games along the side of the road while waiting for the lights to turn green. West German border police, accustomed to the maddening slowdowns, quickly went into a now familiar routine. They set up field kitchens and began dispensing goulash to stranded drivers.

Canada: End of a Bad Dream

FOR a fortnight, the first-floor flat in the working-class suburb of Montreal North had been under tense surveillance. Only when police were completely satisfied with the accuracy of their tips and leads did they swing into action. They routed the residents out of a four-block area. Hundreds of policemen, Mounties and troops in battle dress were rushed in to encircle the stark apartment building at 10945 Des Récollets Avenue. The electricity was cut off. A nearby school was closed so that it could be used as a helicopter pad. Finally, two hours after the siege began, a lead pipe came flying out of one of the flat's windows. Said the message inside: "If you try anything (gas, guns, etc. . .), M. J. Cross will be the first to die."

Monsieur J. Cross is British Trade Commissioner to Quebec James Richard ("Jasper") Cross. The defiant note was the last truculent gasp from the Quebec Liberation Front fanatics who had held Cross—and Canada—in fear, anger and uncertainty for 59 days. When the F.L.Q. members finally freed Cross last week, their price had come down considerably: a safe-conduct to Cuba for four terrorists and three of their relatives.

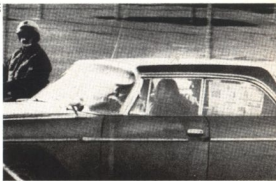
Cracking Down. The Oct. 5 abduction of Cross—the first political kidnapping to occur north of the Rio Grande—set in motion a series of events that shocked the world. Acting with unflinching determination, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau rejected the terrorists' initial extravagant demands for Cross' release: \$500,000 in gold bullion, plus transport and safe conduct for 23 jailed F.L.Q. thugs to Cuba or Algeria. After the ransom was denied, another group of kidnapers then abducted Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte, prompting Trudeau to crack down really hard. Under a little-used World

War I security measure, the Prime Minister invoked emergency police powers—something that had never been done in peacetime in tolerant, democratic Canada—and sent battalions of special police and troops into Quebec to deal with what he called an "insurrection, real or apprehended." The F.L.Q.'s response was swift and savage. Less than two days after Trudeau's action, Laporte was found in the trunk of a car, dead by strangulation. Little hope was held out that Jasper Cross would ever be found alive.

That Cross could be kept hidden in an ordinary apartment just ten miles from downtown Montreal for two solid months suggested that the Canadian police were rather sorry sleuths. They also did badly in one of thousands of raids carried out under the 1914 wartime-security act. Police searching for an F.L.Q. suspect named Gérard Pelletier stormed into the rambling Montreal residence of Canadian Secretary of State Gérard Pelletier.

In the house of another suspect, the police found a telephone number on a scrap of paper; the same number had turned up in other raids. Incredibly, 19 days passed before anyone got around to tracing the number. Sure enough, when the police finally did so, they nabbed another suspect, Bernard Lortie, who admitted his role in

CAR CARRYING CROSS (BEHIND NEWSPAPER) TO RELEASE SITE



TROOPS SURROUNDING NORTH MONTREAL KIDNAP HIDEOUT





CROSS AFTER RELEASE

Spaghetti, peanut butter and French films.

the Laporte kidnapping and even named his accomplices. But he neglected to reveal that the accomplices were in the house all the time he was talking, hiding behind a false wall in a closet. When the police padlocked the front door and left, the hoods crawled out of their hiding place and quietly slipped out the back.

Wary Talks. The police, however, fully redeemed themselves last week. Nothing had been heard from Cross since Nov. 21, when in a letter addressed to the police he reported that he was well but wondering "when this bad dream will be over." By then, the police were already closing in on the apartment at 10945. Two weeks ago, a five-man surveillance team moved into the flat above the kidnab hideout. But not until early last week, when one of the kidnapers and his wife were arrested and talked, were the police sure that Cross was in the apartment and that his captors were in a mood to negotiate.

Wary bargaining went on for four hours in a building across Des Récollets Avenue between two lawyers, one representing the F.L.Q. and the other Premier Robert Bourassa's Quebec provincial government. Finally an agreement was reached.

Three F.L.Q. kidnapers filed out of the flat, led by a soft-faced Montreal cab driver named Marc Carboneau. The terrorists, their lawyer, a policeman and Cross all crowded into a wine-colored 1962 Chrysler that belonged to one of the kidnapers. An escort of a dozen police cars and motorcycles roared out of Des Récollets Avenue, the Chrysler sandwiched in the middle, for a 60-m.p.h. dash to the former site of Expo 67, twelve miles away. Carboneau insisted on taking the wheel of the Chrysler, which was rigged with booby traps that would blow him and ev-

eryone else to smithereens if all did not go as the government had promised.

When the motorcade reached the island, which was declared "Temporary Cuban Territory" for the exchange, Cross was turned over to the Cuban consul. The four F.L.Q. terrorists and the three relatives clambered into a helicopter for the 15-mile flight to Montreal's Dorval Airport. There a Canadian Forces Yukon transport was waiting to take them to Cuba, which had agreed to act as the terrorists' travel agent early on in the shabby kidnab drama. Five and a half hours later, the Yukon arrived in Havana, and the seven French Canadians began their life of exile. Only then did Cross become a free man.

Sad Note. The government had yielded very little to the terrorists, who were reported to be "not very keen" on going to Cuba. But there were some who thought that there should have been no bargain with them at all. Cross, of course, did not share that view. "It's almost like being out of hell," he told reporters after his release.

During his two months at 10945 Des Récollets Avenue, Cross was forced to live in what he described as an enforced "state of suspended animation." He saw 164 French-language movies on TV and lost 22 lbs. on a diet that consisted largely of spaghetti and peanut butter. His captors, "convinced and fervent revolutionaries," confined him in a sunless room. There he was handcuffed every night and watched 24 hours a day by two guards who had a disconcerting way of fiddling around with the clips of their submachine guns. At first, hoods and hostage talked politics; but after Laporte was killed, Cross "did not feel like continuing the discussions."

Only once did Cross fear that he too might be killed. In one of the letters dictated to him by his captors, he intentionally misspelled the two words *prisoners* and *questioned*, intending the extra *ns* to indicate that he was in Montreal North. When the kidnapers realized what he had done, they went into a rage and screamed that he was "a dirty son-of-a-bitch."

Two days after his release, Cross flew to London for a reunion with his wife, who had spent much of the long ordeal in Switzerland with friends. So eager was Cross to leave Montreal, where he had lived since 1967, that he passed up Trudeau's invitation to dinner. "It may be difficult for me to return," he said at the airport. "It's a bit sad that we ended up on this note."

Still of Large. Though the "bad dream" is over for Cross, it is not yet over for Canada. The police have yet to find Pierre Laporte's murderers. As for Trudeau, he still has to convince a sizable number of independence-minded French Canadians that they belong in Canada. He has already proved to everyone that he will go to considerable lengths to prevent *la belle province* from getting away.

MIDDLE EAST

Inching Toward the Table

The initial cease-fire between Israel and Egypt had hardly taken effect last August before both sides were using the lull to prepare for war. Israel's Bar-Lev Line, along the Suez Canal's east bank, was extended and impressively hardened. Across the canal, the late Gamal Abdel Nasser rushed so many Soviet-built missiles forward that, as a Western diplomat in Cairo cracked last week, "even if the Russians wanted to move more in, they probably couldn't find a place to put them."

The buildup, and its potential for precipitating an all-out war, apparently frightened both sides. Since last month, when the original cease-fire was extended until Feb. 5, the principals have been moving gingerly back toward negotiations. Israel had been hoping to force Egypt to dismantle at least some of its missiles before talks began on a peace settlement. Last week the Israelis indicated that they have abandoned that hope and are ready to return to the talks with Egypt and Jordan as early as the end of this month. Even so, the Israelis profess pessimism about the outcome. "Israel wants total peace without total withdrawal," said Foreign Minister Abba Eban, "while Egypt wants total withdrawal without total peace."

Eban was referring to a statement by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat demanding "a timetable for withdrawal." But diplomats in Cairo considered Sadat's statement, made during a visit to troops along the canal, to be more a matter of morale building than a real condition for the talks. More and more, Sadat's policy is emerging as an extension of Nasser's. In Cairo's daily *Al Ahram*

DAVID ROBINSON



ISRAEL'S DEFENSE MINISTER DAYAN
Ready to return.

"We've both got a piece of the Rock."

A family to raise.
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last week, Editor Hassanein Heikal, a Nasser confidant, wrote that Egypt's former President had become convinced before his death that a military solution of the Middle East situation could not succeed. According to Heikal, Nasser believed that Egypt could win back Sinai from Israel. But he considered his Arab allies too weak to win a broader struggle, and he was afraid of U.S. interference on behalf of Israel.

Familiar Figure. When the Israelis publicly indicate a willingness to sit down at the negotiating table, United Nations Secretary-General U Thant will summon Mediator Gunnar Jarring from his regular post as Swedish Ambassador to Moscow. Since the Arabs refuse to meet directly with Israel, Jarring is likely to shuttle between delegations. The site of the talks has not been settled. The Israelis would prefer Rome or Cyprus in order to be closer to Jerusalem for instructions. But Jarring will probably decide on New York. That could be an advantage: the farther from home all parties are, the slower the progress will be. The slower the debate, the more likely the chance is that Jarring will be able to strike some agreement.

With the negotiations a virtual certainty, both sides dispatched high-pow-

ered emissaries to Washington this week to discuss the situation. Jordan's King Hussein, who stopped in Cairo to visit Sadat, is expected to warn President Nixon of a possible outbreak of fighting unless earnest discussions are under way before the current cease-fire expires. At the same time, Hussein, who still depends on the West for arms, will seek more aid to replace some of the \$24 million annual subsidy that Libya's revolutionary government canceled after the September fighting between Hussein's troops and Arab guerrillas.

Hussein will hardly have left the U.S. capital when another familiar figure is scheduled to arrive. Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan is visiting the U.S. ostensibly to raise money for the United Jewish Appeal, but that is a convenient cover for an unofficial side trip to Washington. Before Dayan's departure, Premier Golda Meir dispatched a personal letter to President Nixon seeking clarification of U.S. guarantees on arms deliveries and economic assistance—and a promise that the U.S. will not "impose" its point of view on Israel when the peace talks get under way. The U.S. last week, in an unusually speedy reply, promised to keep Israel's heavy defense expenditures in mind and not to let the Middle

East balance of power shift to Israel's disadvantage. But Washington refused to modify its position that Israel must withdraw to its pre-1967 borders with only insubstantial changes.

New Image. In Washington, Dayan will re-emphasize the points made in Mrs. Meir's letter, but he will also stress his own controversial disengagement plan. Dayan has called for Israel to withdraw its armor and artillery and Egypt its missiles and guns to 18 miles from the banks of the Suez Canal. Egypt would then be free to reopen the canal for shipping and return half a million refugees who fled from their imperiled homes along the canal during the bitter fighting before the cease-fire. For Egypt, the idea would mean canal revenues and restored prestige. For Israel, it could lead to a peace settlement and a new image among critics who complain that the Israelis are more interested in keeping the territories they won in 1967 than in settling the volatile situation in the Middle East. One drawback to the Dayan plan: it would enable Russian naval units to move freely through the Suez Canal to and from positions in the Indian Ocean and beyond. Australia and Japan have already indicated to the Israelis their concern over the implications of such a move.

Israel: An Heir for Golda Meir

TOWARD the end of last month, the leaders of Israel's governing Labor Party met four or five times in Tel Aviv to discuss the problems that would confront the country during the 1970s. The last of the meetings was a secret caucus at the home of Tel Aviv's mayor, Yehoshua Rabinowitz. Three faces were missing. Premier Golda Meir had purposely absented herself. Pinhas Sapir, Israel's Finance Minister and the party's powerful kingmaker, was traveling on government business. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan had not been invited. The consensus of the meeting, after lengthy discussion, was that Sapir the kingmaker should himself become king when Golda Meir's term as Premier ends in 1973—or when and if Mrs. Meir, now 72, decides on earlier retirement.

Born in Poland in 1909, Sapir emigrated to Palestine in 1929. Trained as a banker, he gradually turned to politics. During the 1948 war for independence, Sapir went abroad to raise the funds to buy the guns. Thereafter he served as the moneyman for both the government and the party, building up a strong political machine in the process. Two years ago, when the late Premier Levi Eshkol first fell ill and the Labor Party secretariat met to discuss a successor, Sapir designated Golda Meir. Three months later, when Eshkol died, the choice became fact.

Sapir is a tough, gruff politician. But



FINANCE MINISTER SAPIR

on Israel's burning question—relations with the Arabs—he is a dove. He favors giving back most of the territories captured in 1967 in return for a firm peace settlement, and he has steadfastly opposed the idea of integrating the economies of these territories with Israel's. On this he long differed with Dayan, who took a hawkish view. Lately, however, Dayan has been promoting a dovish plan for disengagement at the Suez Canal. In so doing, he has irritated other Cabinet members, who feel that

he wants to give away too much for too little. Dayan has had no qualms about being an irritant or proposing radical ideas: as the fighting hero of Israel's 1956 war and the Defense Minister who engineered its swift 1967 victory, he is an immensely popular public figure.

Dayan's ultimate sin, however, is that he has increasingly irritated Golda Meir. She dislikes his hawk-dove vacillation. She frets at the time consumed in Cabinet sessions discussing Dayan. Disagreements between the two have become a clash of personalities. When Dayan began a lengthy explanation of his Suez disengagement plan to the Cabinet recently, Mrs. Meir acidly interrupted to ask whether an old woman who knew nothing about defense could insert a question. Dayan fell silent.

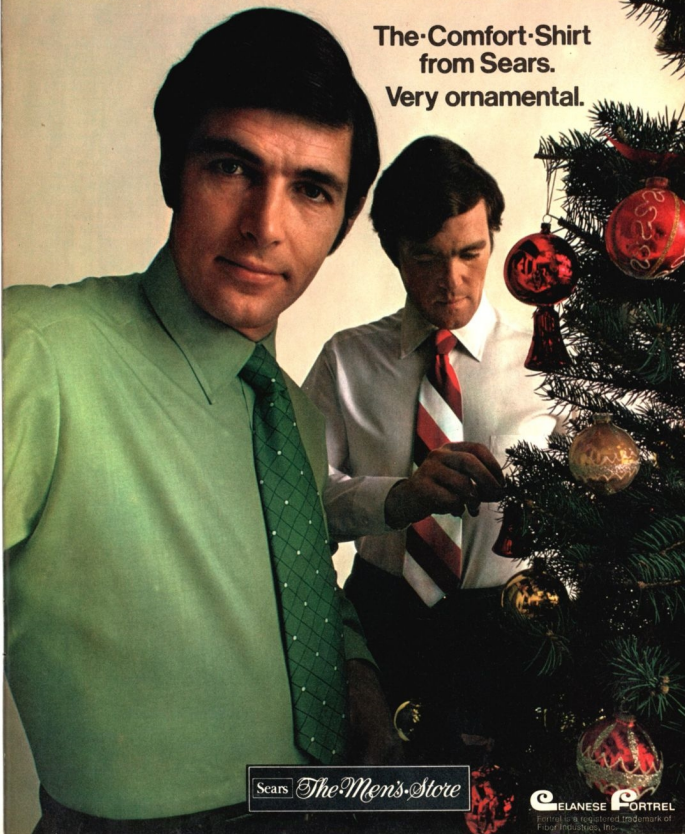
From time to time recently, Mrs. Meir has let intimates know that she would like to have the succession problem settled. Following her wishes—as they usually do—leaders of the party, including Foreign Minister Abba Eban, Deputy Premier Yigal Allon, Minister Without Portfolio Israel Galili, Party Secretary-General Arie Eliav and about ten city bosses, finally met at Mayor Rabinowitz's home to settle the question. The only other real contender besides Dayan and Sapir that the group had to consider was Allon, but within party circles he does not have Sapir's clout. When Golda Meir received the news that the decision had gone to Sapir, she was described as gratified.

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The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears. Very ornamental.



Sears

The Men's Store

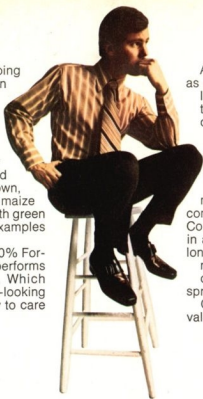
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Sears *The Men's Store*

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colorful Christmas
lights.**

That's something else about The-Comfort-Shirt's fabric that's comfortable. The weight. The perfect blend of 50% Fortrel polyester and 50% cotton is just heavy enough to wear at Christmas time, and just light enough to wear the rest of the year.

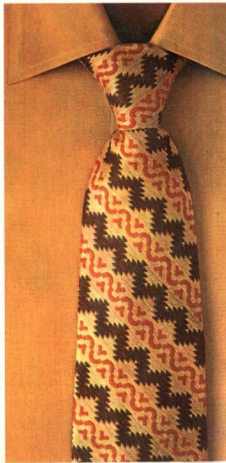
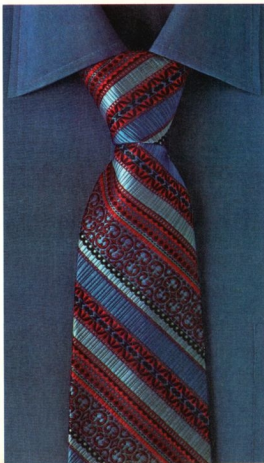
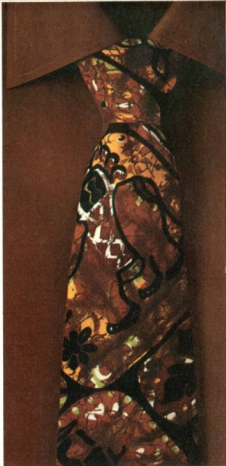
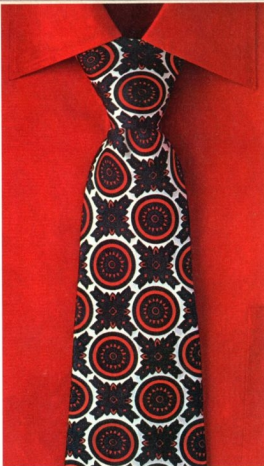
The colors are in style all year-round, too. And the collar styles.

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The new Toyota Corolla. Some people find the left rear window its most beautiful feature.

\$1798* That's the beauty mark you'll find on the sticker of every Corolla Sedan. But the sedan is just one version of a beautiful Corolla price.

Two other Corollas have left rear windows that are just as appealing. The sporty Corolla Fastback at \$1918*. The roomy Corolla Wagon at a mere \$1958*.

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construction and a lined trunk to prevent rattles and squeaks. And with a very practical sealed lubrication system to end chassis lubes forever.

An economy car that comes loaded. That's the real beauty of the Toyota Corolla.

And with the beautiful price of \$1798*, we can't blame you for being attracted to the left rear window.

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ITALY

Divorce on the Docket

At 5:40 one gray morning in Rome last week, Italy's Chamber of Deputies ended a tumultuous 19-hour session by approving legislation permitting civil divorce for the first time in more than 150 years. At 5:44 a.m., the first of a tide of telephone calls from impatient clients roused slumbering Milan Lawyer Giovanni Bovio. The quick response, grumbled Bovio, must be something of "a speed record."

Even before President Giuseppe Saragat signed the long-awaited divorce bill into law a few hours later, it was clear that Attorney Bovio and his legal colleagues would be getting little sleep for some time to come. An estimated 1,000,000 or more Italians are ready to start divorce actions under the new law. Echoing the entire Italian bar, Rome Attorney Vinićo de Mattei declared: "We are now in a state of emergency."

Profound Suffering. The bill that was approved last week by a 319-to-286 margin was the 15th divorce measure proposed since 1878. First introduced back in 1965 by Socialist Deputy Loris Fortuna, the compromise measure will hardly turn Italy into a divorce mill. Under the new law, couples seeking divorce must be legally separated for at least five years (when the separation is mutual) and for as long as six or seven years (when one partner is opposed). Other grounds cited in the new law: foreign divorce or remarriage by one spouse, long prison sentences, incest, attempted murder of family members,

TEAM EDITORIAL



CELEBRATING DIVORCE LAW PASSAGE
Still outlaws for some time to come.

criminal insanity and nonconsummation—but not adultery.

Limited as it is, the measure aroused bitter opposition from the Christian Democratic Party, leader of Italy's ruling four-party coalition, and the church, which insists that Catholic marriages can be dissolved only by ecclesiastical courts. When news of the final vote reached Pope Paul in Sydney in the midst of his Asian tour, he expressed his "profound suffering."

There is a possibility that Italy's Constitutional Court could declare the law unconstitutional, or that a popular referendum could reject the measure. Even if Italian anti-divorziati fail in both efforts, however, some disorder seems inevitable because of the country's jurassic judicial system. By Deputy Fortuna's reckoning, 4,000,000 men and women living together illegally and their 1,000,000 children—one-tenth of the entire population—are "matrimonial outlaws." Among those who have had to resort to fancy foreign legal footwork to avoid being cast as *bigami* are Vittorio De Sica, who became a French citizen and got a French divorce to marry his second wife, and Carlo Ponti, who went the same route to wed Sophia Loren. Under the new law, Gina Lollobrigida can Italianize her 1968 Austrian divorce from Milko Skofic, and Maria Callas can shed Giovanni Battista Meneghini, from whom she has been separated for eleven years.

Even with the new divorce law, though, most are likely to remain outlaws for some time. In Rome, the court that will hear divorce pleas is already struggling with a backlog of 2,400 family cases—enough to keep it busy through mid-1972. The expected addition of 30,000 divorce cases to the docket means that many Italians will not get a chance to savor divorce Italian style until 1975 or so.

Coffee for Every Taste

To many a visiting businessman, it was the best thing Rome had to offer. As early as 7:30 in the morning he could dial a particular phone number and ask, "Can I come for a coffee?" The reply was usually, "Yes. We make it good and for all tastes." Then he would go to one of seven luxury apartments, where his "coffee" would be waiting with plenty of sugar—in the form of a high-class call girl.

The police uncovered this matinal merrymaking after they traced a 15-year-old runaway girl from Milan to the apartment of Giselda Giovannelli, 55, in the Monte Sacro (Sacred Mountain) suburb of Rome. Staking out the building, they watched scores of pretty young women and well-dressed men pass in and out. The women were so attractive that, in the words of one neighbor, "they would give a blind man back his sight." As the morals cops discovered when they arrested Giselda and found her list of clients and 150 prostitutes, the girls were housewives, young

ALLIED ARTISTS



CATHERINE DENEUE IN "BELLE DE JOUR"
Plenty of sugar.

mothers, students, secretaries, airline hostesses, salesgirls and models—nearly all living with their families or relatives.

Illusory Freedom. It was not the first time since 1958, when "houses of tolerance" (but not freelance prostitution) were made illegal, that so many supposedly upright girls were caught in similar positions. In 1962, a group of 30 to 40 college girls from "good families" were discovered selling themselves for "pin money" in Rome. Just last year, the morals squad busted up a vice ring of 200 girls, who had to be beautiful, intelligent, from a high social class and multilingual to accommodate businessmen from Common Market countries. Many of the girls were happily married.

Like the well-heeled French wife played by Catherine Deneuve in Luis Buñuel's movie *Belle de Jour*, the girls apparently engaged in part-time prostitution for more than the money. Not that the money was bad; Giselda charged \$80 to \$250 per coffee break, and her girls received cuts ranging from \$50 to \$100. They never worked past 8:30 p.m., and they were usually home in time for dinner with their unsuspecting families. Some psychologists theorized, however, that this sexual moonlighting was an illusory attempt to satisfy the modern needs for freedom, adventure and unhampered sexuality—particularly in a society that professes to place a high value on premarital purity and wife-fidelity.

"These women don't feel themselves to be prostitutes," says Rome University Sociologist Franco Ferrarotti. "They feel sophisticated, unique and exquisite. But they live in contrasting worlds. Their heads are back in the *paese*, the old home town. Their feet and one or two other parts are in the modern world. But the only really modern things about these women are their boots, their make-up and false eyelashes."

SPAIN

The Men of Euskadi

Even before the victim of Canada's first political kidnapping was set free in Montreal last week, the new brand of terror had spread to Europe. In San Sebastián, a prospering seaport in northern Spain's Basque country, a gang of youthful urban guerrillas was waiting when Eugen Beihl, a West German businessman who doubles as Bonn's consul in the city, returned home from work. Beihl, 59, never made it into his house. Two days later, his Mercedes was found abandoned on a cart track leading into the Pyrenees and the French border.

Subsequent events followed a now familiar script. In Bilbao, another Basque city, the West German consul received a postcard from Beihl identifying the kidnapers as members of the E.T.A.—for *Euskadi at Askatasuna* ("Basque Land and Liberty"). A minuscule but tautly organized terrorist group, E.T.A. has been skirmishing with General Francisco Franco's regime for years. Beihl's future, it was made clear, would depend on the fate of 16 E.T.A. guerrillas who went on trial last week in Burgos for the 1968 murder of a San Sebastián police chief and other terrorist activities.

Stunned, the regime dispatched extra police to the Basque provinces, where tensions were already at the flash point. In protest, 150,000 workers walked off their jobs. Schools shut down, stores closed, and young Basques battled with police in dozens of towns. In Madrid, Franco interrupted his 78th birthday celebration to call an emergency session of his Cabinet and declare a state of emergency in Guipúzcoa, the "most Basque" of Spain's four Basque provinces.

Born Free. Well before the kidnapping, the Burgos trial had been shaping up as an important test of public support of the regime that has run Spain for the past 31 years. For Franco, the trial was to be the climax of an uncompromising two-year campaign to crush the nettlesome E.T.A. The outfit, which has only 200 active adherents, has been a persistent irritant, punctuating its fuzzy demands for a Marxist Basque state with demonstrations, bombings and bank holdups. It was the 1968 San Sebastián murder that convinced the Caudillo it was time to crack down.

Death sentences have been demanded for the six defendants who are charged with direct involvement in the 1968 case. The others face prison terms ranging from six to 80 years. Protests against the trial have poured into Madrid from Spain's bishops, from the Vatican, even from the commander of the Burgos mil-

itary region. Some of Franco's own ministers are known to feel that the case, which is being tried in a military court and prosecuted on exceedingly slim evidence, can only lend credence to E.T.A. charges of "oppression against a people who were born to be free."

Little Love Lost. The Basques, as one of them puts it, are "100% with the prisoners in Burgos." And among Spain's 2,000,000 fiercely independent Basques (another 150,000 are across the border in France), unity is rare. Living in Spain's most prosperous region and enjoying a deserved reputation as the country's sharpest businessmen, the



BASQUE NATIONALIST AT TARGET PRACTICE
A blind hatred of *españolismo*.

majority of Basques have never paid much heed to the E.T.A., with its blind hatred of *españolismo* (anything Spanish) and *imperialismo* (virtually anything American), and its rather fanciful talk of a separate Basque state.

Europe's oldest indigenous tribe, with a trilling language whose roots have not yet been discovered, the Basques fought off the Romans, the Visigoths and the Moors. They lost little love on Spain's Castilian kings. Though a threadbare Basque government-in-exile hangs on in Paris, most Basque nationalists are moderates who have long since abandoned their 19th century dreams of secession and now hope instead for a degree of autonomy. Under Franco, who has not forgotten how the Basques fought him during the 1936-39 civil war, that hope is vain.

GREECE

New Men, Old Mentality

It was surely one of the most exclusive elections of recent times. There are some 5,000,000 registered voters in Greece, but only 1,240 got to cast ballots last week. The chosen few, mostly mayors and leaders of the country's tightly controlled labor unions and professional associations, were carefully selected by the country's 31-year-old military regime. They in turn elected 92 fellow Greeks to an even more carefully screened "advisory committee on legislation."

After the election, the names of the 92 winners went to Premier George Papadopoulos, who will give the final nod to 46 of them and add another ten candidates of his own to fill the committee's 56 seats. The committee will be expected to 1) "debate and comment" on legislation, in the junta's words, but not too acidulously; 2) offer the government a "cross section of public opinion," but not a very broad one; 3) serve as "a seedbed" for politicians of the future, but certainly not as a hotbed.

The members' one-year terms can be renewed only by the regime, and they can be fired outright by the Premier for "sufficient cause." To be sure, the regime will have a right to expect co-operation; after all, at \$830 a month plus traveling expenses, the committee members will be better paid than a brigadier general in the Greek army.

Imprecise Charges. Even as it moved to plant its political seedbed, the regime last week also acted to root out what little unwanted advice and opposition it still has to endure. A few months ago, Papadopoulos slowly began to relax some of the colonels' rigid controls, but hard-liners in the junta's twelve-man inner circle immediately grew alarmed. Now Papadopoulos is retrenching, fearful of losing his struggle to stay on top. One of the measures that he authorized last week was a decree that persons spreading "false reports or rumors" detrimental to anything from police morale to the tourist trade risk a minimum \$3,333 fine and a year in jail. Another move took the form of a series of arrests—up to 50 by week's end—of a number of dissidents on vague charges of "subversive activities."

Fuzzy charges, of course, are hardly new to the Greek judicial tradition. In Athens, archaeologists have discovered the ruins of the Royal Stoa, where Socrates was tried and sentenced to death 2,369 years ago. Recently, Ioannis Zeginis, deputy prosecutor of the Athens appeals court, took the occasion of the find to recall in a speech that the charges against Socrates—disbelief in the gods and the corruption of youth—were "imprecise," that there was no prosecutor and no defense counsel, and that no witnesses were ever produced. All in all, concluded Zeginis, it was "a great miscarriage of justice."



WE'RE ALWAYS ANXIOUS to put up the tree in Jack Daniel's old office. When that's done, we know the holidays are here. We hope your plans are coming along too, and that you have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



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PALLBEARERS CARRYING STALIN'S BODY IN 1953*

Khrushchev: Showdown in the Kremlin

FOR sheer drama, few periods in modern history can match the years just before and after the death of Joseph Stalin. It was a time of Byzantine intrigues, some engineered by the old dictator, others conceived and carried out behind his back. It was a time of brutal purges and bitter battles within the Kremlin hierarchy that led to Nikita Khrushchev's startling "destalinization" speech at the 20th Party Congress in 1956. This week the former Soviet Premier, who emerged from those years as the Kremlin's new boss, provides the only first-person account of those fateful struggles ever recorded. His reminiscences, excerpted from the forthcoming book, *Khrushchev Remembers*, are appearing in *LIFE* and 19 publications abroad.

Khrushchev wastes no sympathy on Lavrenty Beria, the rival he deposed and destroyed. He pictures Stalin's secret-police chief as a cruel and cynical man whose favorite remark was "Listen, let me have him for one night, and I'll have him confessing he's the King of England." In later years, says Khrushchev, even Stalin grew to fear his fellow Georgian and the power he wielded as absolute master of the vast Cheka, or secret-police, organization. The sweeping postwar purge of the Leningrad party, Khrushchev believes, was part of a scheme masterminded by Beria and his "battering ram," former Premier Georgy Malenkov; the object was to wreck the careers of a troika of promising young men whom they regarded as a threat to their own eventual ascendancy. Two of those men, N.A. Voznesensky and A.A. Kuznetsov, were arrested and shot. The third, says Khrushchev, "was hanging by a thread. I simply can't explain how he was saved from being exterminated." His name: Aleksei Kosygin, now Soviet Premier.

Doctors' Plot. Stalin's growing derangement resulted in the "cruel and contemptible" affair called the Doctors' Plot. Khrushchev traces its beginning to a letter charging that Andrei Zhdanov, the Leningrad party boss, had been

murdered by his physicians. Western experts have explained the plot as a calculated effort by Stalin to destroy Beria, whose security men would presumably have to be part of the scheme. In any case, Stalin ordered many doctors, particularly those who were treating Kremlin officials, arrested and mercilessly interrogated. Two were tortured to death, and the number would surely have risen had Stalin lived. But on March 1, 1953, Stalin suffered a massive stroke. He lingered for two days, during which the members of his "inner Presidium" took turns watching over him—in pairs.

Before Stalin's death was announced, a meeting was held to carve up his power. As Khrushchev feared, "Beria immediately proposed Malenkov for [Premier]. Malenkov proposed that Beria be appointed his first deputy." Khrushchev, who was made in effect First Party Secretary on the Central Committee, had far higher ambitions. But he and his main ally, Minister of Defense Nikolai Bulganin, had to bide their time. "If Bulganin and I had objected, we would have been accused of starting a fight before the corpse was cold."

It was not long, however, before Khrushchev began lining up other allies for a showdown. He took Malenkov aside and told him: "We're heading for disaster. Beria is sharpening his knives." When Malenkov asked what could be done, Khrushchev replied, "The time has come to resist."

What followed was a bold and secret plan to arrest Beria within the very walls of the Kremlin. The most sensitive problem was finding a way of holding Beria once he was under arrest. Explains Khrushchev: "The Presidium bodyguard was obedient to him. His Chekists would be sitting in the next room, and Beria could easily order them to arrest us all. We would have been quite helpless."

Khrushchev enlisted the support of General K.S. Moskalenko, the air-defense commander. He was soon joined in the plot by ten other generals and mar-

shals, including Georgy Zhukov, who was later to become Khrushchev's Defense Minister. "In those days all military personnel were required to check their weapons when coming into the Kremlin, so Bulganin was instructed to see that the marshals and generals were allowed to bring their guns with them," says Khrushchev. "We arranged for Moskalenko's group to wait for a summons in a separate room." On the appointed day, the conspirators and their allies assembled for the fateful session of the Central Committee Presidium.

Secret Button. "I requested the floor and proposed that we discuss the matter of Beria," says Khrushchev. "Beria was sitting on my right. He gave a start, grabbed me by the hand, looked at me with a startled expression, and said, 'What's going on, Nikita?' I said, 'Just pay attention.'" Khrushchev then delivered a speech denouncing Beria. He concluded by saying: "I have formed the impression that he is no Communist. He is a careerist who has wormed his way into the party for self-seeking reasons." Khrushchev formally moved that Beria be stripped of his titles.

"Malenkov was still in a state of panic," Khrushchev continues. "As I recall, he didn't even put my motion to a vote. He pressed a secret button which gave the signal to the generals who were waiting in the next room. Zhukov was the first to appear. Then Moskalenko and the others came in. Malenkov said in a faint voice to Comrade Zhukov, 'As Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R., I request that you take Beria into custody.' 'Hands up!' Zhukov commanded Beria." The police boss seemed to be reaching for his briefcase, says Khrushchev. "I seized his arm to prevent him from grabbing a weapon in the briefcase." When searched, however, Beria proved to be

* From right: Lavrenty Beria, Georgy Malenkov, Stalin's son Vassily, Vyacheslav Molotov, Nikolai Bulganin, Lazar Kaganovich, Nikolai Shvernik.

Husbands, here are 18 Arpege Promises that may save your marriage.

(Promise her anything but give her Arpege.)

This Christmas give her an Arpege Promise. Just pick a promise. Write it on a card. And wrap it up with a gift of Arpege. Arpege and promises go together. They always have.

There are 34 Arpege gifts from \$2.50 to \$500.

1. I promise to lose ten pounds.
2. I promise to stop getting hooked up with wild schemes and start earning a steady living.
3. I promise to cut down on my drinking.
4. I promise to change completely.
5. I promise to stop telling you that our youngest is developing effeminate tendencies.
6. I promise we'll make more love and less war.
7. I promise to see a psychiatrist if you do.
8. I promise that when I get the forty-year itch, you'll do the scratching.
9. I promise to stop driving as though I were in the Indianapolis 500.

10. I promise you can have a cleaning lady.
11. I promise to take you on a business trip.

time with the kids.

15. I promise to make a new stab at making our marriage work.
16. I promise we've picked up roots for the last time. I'm not accepting the job in (name of city).
17. I promise that you look sexier to me today than you did ten years ago.
18. I promise to love you always.



An Arpege Promise
*Honey,
I promise to spend
more time with
the kids.
Love, Pat*

Arpege Toilet Water Mist (\$6)
and Promise No. 14.

12. I promise not to be disappointed if it's another girl.
13. I promise not to step on your lines at parties. You do have amusing things to say.
14. I promise to spend more

Our oldest employee. Crotchety, lazy and completely devoted.



We're not quite sure when this Pinot Noir vine came to work for us.

Certainly before 1900.

Training it was a pain in the neck. (Your noble vines are always temperamental.)

And it's never produced many grapes.

But by golly, the grapes it does produce are just splendid.

So we put up with all the problems. Because when you're a premium winemaker, splendid is what you need.

You can make a sound wine with lesser grapes.

But Paul Masson's Pinot Noir is more than a sound wine. It's a fine wine.

You'll have to pay more for it, of course. Because premium grapes are scarce. Because of the small cooperage we use. And because we age our wine a long time before we'll let you buy it.

But at least you know where your money goes.

It's right there in the bottle.

Nothing good happens fast.
Paul Masson



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1970

unarmed. Six months later, after summary proceedings, he and about half a dozen subordinates were shot. Among the charges against Beria was the rape of more than 100 women and girls, one a seventh-grade student. "He had used the same routine on all of them," says Khrushchev. "He gave them some dinner and offered them wine with a sleeping potion in it."

Ask Mr. Dulles. After three years, Khrushchev had not yet gained complete supremacy over Malenkov. In a bold gamble, he delivered a sensational 20,000-word speech before the Party Congress denouncing Stalin and his methods in mordant detail. Other members of the Presidium were opposed to Khrushchev's move. Fearfully they asked him, "What will we be able to say about our own roles under Stalin?" Khrushchev went ahead anyway. When he rose to speak, he recalls, "it was so quiet in the huge hall you could hear a fly buzzing. You must try to imagine how shocked people were by the revelations of the atrocities to which party members had been subjected." In preparing for the speech, says Khrushchev, he asked the state prosecutor to investigate whether the purge trials of the 1930s were founded on actual crimes. The reply he received: "From the standpoint of judicial norms, there was no evidence for condemning or even trying these men."

The speech was never publicly confirmed, but it was later circulated to party committees throughout the Soviet Union and deliberately leaked to the Western press. Says Khrushchev, wryly referring to the man who directed the CIA at the time: "I remember when journalists would ask me, 'What can you tell us about this speech?' I used to say they'd have to direct their questions to Mr. [Allen] Dulles."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Soul Alley

Just after the 1 a.m. curfew one day last week, 300 heavily armed American and Vietnamese MPs, civilian police and militiamen, supported by 100 armored cars, trucks and Jeeps, swooped down on a narrow dirt alley in Saigon and sealed it off. As their house-to-house search began, G.I.s groggy with sleep and drugs scamped in every direction, a few over rooftops, trying to escape. Their women followed, some stark naked, some wearing only pajama bottoms, as spotlights from two helicopters above played on the bizarre scene. When the roundup ended four hours later, 56 girls and 110 G.I.s, including 30 deserters, were hauled off into custody.

Known as Soul Alley, this 200-yr. back street is located just one mile from U.S. military headquarters for Viet Nam. At first glance, it is like any other Saigon alley: mama-sans peddle Winston cigarettes and Gillette Foam Shaves from pushcarts, and the bronzed, bony drivers of three-wheeled cycles sip lukewarm beer at corner food stalls as children play tag near their feet. A closer look, however, shows that Soul Alley is a very special place. The children being bounced on their mothers' hips have unmistakably Afro-Asian features. A sign in the local barbershop proclaims: **THE NATURAL LOOK HAS ARRIVED**. Green Army fatigues hang from balcony railings to dry in the sun. Black G.I.s talk and laugh, their arms around slight young Asian girls.

No Whites Allowed. Soul Alley is home for somewhere between 300 and 500 black AWOLs and deserters. They escape arrest by using forged ID cards

and mixing with the even greater number of G.I.s who are still on active duty but prefer spending nights here, away from the drabness of their barracks. There were roughly 65,000 cases of AWOL last year, and the Army estimates that about 1,000 soldiers will become deserters this year (no racial breakdowns are available).

Whites who venture into Soul Alley do so at their own risk, as two military policemen learned a month ago. Five minutes after they drove in at mid-morning in their Jeep, they walked back out—minus the vehicle and their weapons. The Army has known about Soul Alley and its deserters ever since the haven sprang up three years ago, and MPs have frequently staged minor raids and roundups. The incident with the Jeep sparked the biggest raid yet. But even if the brass cleaned up Soul Alley, its residents, rather like the Viet Cong, would soon drift back or relocate in another, similar spot.

Easy Living. For many Soul Alley AWOLs, the living is easy. Explained one: "You get up late, you smoke a few joints, you get on your Honda and ride around to the PX, buy a few items you can sell on the black market, come back, blow some more grass, and that's it for the day." Rent for the second floor of a brick house rarely runs to more than \$40 or \$50 a month, including laundry and housekeeping services. Hustling is the name of the game here. This gives everyone plenty of money for anything from soul food at a restaurant called Nam's to hi-fi equipment, television sets or even heroin. Here is how the system works:

From an army of papa-san forgers, the AWOL gets his phony ID and ration cards. He goes to the PX, buys an expensive item, such as a refrigerator, for



VIETNAMESE MOTHER & AFRO-ASIAN SON

SAIGON HAVEN FOR BLACK G.I.s

Always a hustle or a hassle.



as little as \$71.50 in military payment certificates (MPCS). On the open market, he can sell it for \$500 in MPCS. Markups on TV sets and stereo sets are almost as high.

Special Signal. Despite such amenities, life in Soul Alley can be lonely and miserable. Many of the AWOLs would rather be back home, but cannot leave Viet Nam without facing arrest and court-martial. Some would like to stay in Soul Alley, or something like it, but wonder whether they can. "I don't want to go back to the States, and certainly not back to Houston, Texas," said a black G.I. who is married to a Vietnamese. "They would call me a 'nigger' and my wife a 'gook,' and they would never leave us alone. But I can't get a civilian job here when I get out of the service."

Besides, many have found that they jumped from one form of racism into another, since Vietnamese often do not like dark-skinned people. Add to this the harassment by MPs, the sense of being without a country, and the day-to-day hassle to raise money, and the frustrations can grow unbearable.

One G.I. summed it up: "It ain't the rules; it's the man. Same as back in the world. A black man is the only one they grab for spitting on the streets. Over here if a bunch of brothers get together to blow some grass, right away the officers get uptight; in the next barracks over, white guys are doing the same thing, but nobody bothers them. The regs [Army Regulations] say you can grow your hair *this* long, but the first sergeant says he don't care what the regs say, because he don't like no black man with a 'fro.'"

This sort of feeling has given rise to a special variation of the intricate signal that black soldiers in Viet Nam exchange when they meet. The standard greeting includes two taps on the chest—meaning "I will die for you." In Soul Alley, some blacks add a swift downward motion of the hand—a stroke to kill.



U.S. EMBASSY WRECKAGE IN PHNOM-PENH

CAMBODIA

A Pattern of Terror

Viet Cong-style terrorism? Not in Phnom-Penh, insisted the U.S. military aid director. "It's much harder for them to commit sabotage here because they would have to get Cambodians to do it." Not in Phnom-Penh, agreed a European ambassador. "It would be too costly for them. They would lose what little popularity they might have."

For eight years in Viet Nam, the Viet Cong have systematically conducted a campaign of terrorism. Last year they killed an average 500 civilians a month. Though Cambodia's war has become Viet Nam's in miniature, most Western officials refused to believe that terrorism would play a part in it. Then last week, with a thunderous roar, nearly 100 lbs. of *plastique* exploded in Phnom-Penh's U.S. embassy. Thick concrete walls were ripped open; floors and ceilings were ruptured. But the *plastique* went off at 6:35 a.m., 55 minutes before the first staff

members arrived for work, and nobody was hurt.

The sabotage of the embassy was the latest in a series of bombings that until last week seemed unconnected. In October there were two injuries when a man tossed a hand grenade in the capital's central market place. Last month 23 people were killed and 29 wounded when two grenades were tossed in a Phnom-Penh cinema. A grenade on a crowded avenue, and *plastique* attacks on a bus and a locomotive followed. The attacks, which have killed at least 25 and injured 60, can no longer be regarded as isolated incidents. They represent a new phase in the war, said Premier Lon Nol. "This second phase becomes a test of morale, a ferocious battle of nerves."

In hopes of throttling the terrorists, the Cambodian government ordered a 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. curfew for foreigners, especially those who would be "susceptible to Communist propaganda." By that, the government meant Chinese and Vietnamese residents. Indeed, a man of mixed Chinese-Vietnamese blood soon "confessed" to the embassy bombing.

In recent weeks, suspected supporters of the deposed Premier, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, were also arrested. A Sihanouk son, Prince Norodom Noradip, and a daughter, Princess Norodom Botum Bopha, are among those held. From Peking, Sihanouk last week lamented the arrests in a cable to TIME Correspondent Robert Anson. Anson, who was captured by the Communists and held captive for 21 days, had sought Sihanouk's help in locating other missing newsmen. Said the prince in a non-committal reply: "I understand the anguish and pain of mothers, wives and children. I myself am confronted with unhappy family problems; for example, my aged, ill mother is kept prisoner by the regime of Lon Nol, which has just arrested and unjustly imprisoned two of my children. War consists of such dramas, but I do not complain because I know that humanity is so made that no one can count on anyone."

A New Canal In Panama

FOR six years a special presidential commission studied possible routes for an Atlantic-Pacific waterway to replace the existing Panama Canal. A route along the Nicaraguan-Costa Rican border looked appealing; so did one through Colombia. Last week, however, the commission recommended a 36-mile sea-level canal across Panama, only ten miles west of the present one. It will be able to accommodate all 150,000-ton ships as well as the U.S. Navy's 60,000-ton *Kitty Hawk*-class aircraft carriers, which are too wide for the present canal. The new canal will also have the potential to han-

dle 56,000 ships a year—twice today's maximum volume.

The five-man commission, headed by former Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson, rejected the routes outside Panama because their length and terrain would have required nuclear excavation. Scientists have not been able to conduct such explosions without unacceptably high radiation. Construction by conventional means will take 14 years.

The physical problems pale alongside the political ones, which have been festering since Panama's anti-American riots of 1964. While footing an estimated \$2.9 billion construction bill, the U.S. will have to meet Panama's demands for a bigger say in operating the new waterway—and a bigger share of the revenues.



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We should be; we've been doing it a long time. Recognizing, analyzing and rating unusual risks.

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CNA enterprise

"I thought my medicine bill was high until I considered what I received."

A young mother of three thinks about her family's bill for drug products and wonders what might have happened without them.

When I totaled up a year's medical bills, I found a family of five can use a lot of medicines.

Then I began checking back to see where the money went. There were Barbara's immunizations . . . and I can't feel bad about that. I'm old enough to remember when polio, for instance, was a real crippler.

Then there was the time Bob threw his back out. The medicines really gave him relief from the pain. The flu missed us . . . and I guess we should give the vaccine credit. And our doctor did come up with something that stopped those miserable headaches of mine. They were a nightmare while they lasted.

I had almost forgotten about the scare we had with Jimmy's ears. The doctor said it was a serious infection . . . something that could have deafened him for life. The antibiotic he prescribed cleared it up in a few days.

I've read somewhere that the average American spends about eighteen dollars a year at the pharmacy for prescriptions. Of course, our medicine bill for last year was higher than that . . . but, when I consider the values received, I've got to feel it was worth the money. We spent a lot more just patching up the old car and never thought twice about it.

*Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers
Association, 1155 Fifteenth St.,
N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*



MEXICO

Digging Out

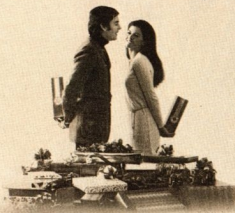
Mexico, according to one etymological theory, is an Aztec term meaning "land of the people buried under lava." Today it is a country almost half of whose 48.3 million people are buried in poverty. Urban industrialization and agricultural reform have made Mexico the most economically successful of Latin America's countries, with an annual growth rate exceeding 6% over the past decade. In the past two decades, per capita income has doubled to almost \$600 a year. Yet most of Mexico's small farmers, as well as the country's 3,000,000 Indians, still live on less than \$100 a year. Last week, as the green-white-and-red sash of office was draped over his right shoulder during inaugural ceremonies in Mexico City's Chapultepec Park, incoming President Luis Echeverría Alvarez pledged that his first order of business would be to help those people start digging out.

During a strenuous, eight-month campaign tour that covered 35,000 miles and took him to 900 towns, Echeverría, 48, got an eyeful of the hard-scrabble conditions under which so many of his countrymen live. So did scores of government officials and businessmen who accompanied him for three-week periods. Many Mexicans wondered why Echeverría even bothered. As the candidate of the *Partido Revolucionario Institucional* (P.R.I.), which has only taken opposition, he was a shoo-in; in July's elections, he won 86% of the vote. Nevertheless, Echeverría was determined that he and other Mexican leaders should get "reacquainted" with what life was like beyond the broad terraces and soaring towers of Mexico City.

Into the Desert. The father of eight, Echeverría is a strong disciplinarian with a puritanical streak. He made it clear last week that he would not tolerate a repetition of the Mexico City student uprisings that preceded the 1968 Olympic Games. Echeverría was Minister of the Interior under outgoing President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz when those riots erupted; at least 33 people were shot to death and 500 wounded by police and soldiers. Campus unrest could well plague Echeverría throughout his six-year term, particularly with 150 people still in prison as a result of the 1968 riots.

Even so, he seems determined not to be deflected from his top priority. On the first full day of his presidency, Echeverría ordered plans to be drawn up for the incorporation of Mexico's farmers into the social security system. At week's end he headed off to the desert regions of north central Mexico to launch a program for rehabilitation of one of the country's poorest areas. The real revolutionary, he had said in his inaugural address, is the upright public servant and the honest citizen, rather than the "dreamer of revolutions, the anarchist, the agent provocateur."

He and She Whisky.



This holiday a lot of people are coming up with the same great gift idea. Imported Canadian MacNaughton.

The deliciously light, smooth and mellow premium 86.8 proof whisky.

And since so many people are giving Canadian MacNaughton, don't be a bit surprised if the whisky you give is the whisky you get.

Imported
Canadian MacNaughton



Individually gift wrapped at no extra cost.



Watches that didn't do anything were fine when women didn't do anything either.

Once upon a time, all a woman was supposed to do was smile and look pretty.

And all a watch was supposed to do was pretty much the same.

Then you started changing. But watch companies didn't even notice.

They went right on making those pretty, delicate little watches that were about as functional as a Grecian urn.

They overwound. The springs broke. You had them repaired. More than once. And

then you put them away in a drawer forever—and waited for your next birthday when you got another fragile little watch and started the fun all over again.

Omega has finally realized that a woman wants a watch to look feminine, but not at the expense of its works.

The result is The Omega Ladymatic. The first serious, self-winding, date-telling watch for women.

You won't have to break a spring (or a nail) trying to wind the little thing every day. One, because it's not such a little thing. And two, because if you wear it every day, gravity, and an exceptional "rotor" movement will wind it for you.

The Ladymatic tells the time in minutes and seconds. And if you like, it tells you what day it is. (In case you're one of the few women who doesn't know.)

You can wear it in the shower. Or bang it against your typewriter. (The Ladymatic is anti-magnetic, watertight and not easily thrown.)

It's a beautiful watch. And Omega probably could have sold it to you just by appealing to your femininity.

But isn't it nice that they'd rather bet on your brains?



The Omega Ladymatic.
The self-winding watch.

PEOPLE

For the politicized person who has everything—including an Agnew wristwatch and a Spiro shirt—**Santa Claus** has several new possibilities in store. Those inclined to put the Vice President on the receiving end may look forward to a **Spiro Agnew** wastebasket, with decorations commemorating his crowning victories on the golf course and tennis court. A windup **Richard Nixon** box looks something like a toaster and contains a loose-jointed figure in the presidential image that dances to a tinkly *Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay*. Strangely silent, however, is the forthcoming **Martha Mitchell** doll, authorized by the Attorney General's wife herself.

Was renaming Paris' Place d'Etoile after **Charles de Gaulle** really enough of a tribute? Why not go all out and make the late general a saint? The idea was suggested by a German journalist and backed up by no less a dignitary than the Vatican's **Jean Cardinal Daniélou**, who said that the idea "does not shock me." How about the miracles normally required for canonization? Merely an innovation of modern times, said Daniélou. More important was the ability "to practice virtues with a certain degree of heroism." In any case there was no particular hurry. Joan of Arc did not make it for 489 years.

The English are old hands at draft evasion, what with the dearth of central heating. But it's harder with your clothes off. The London cast of Kenneth Tynan's *Oh! Calcutta!* got so cold stand-

ing, sitting and walking around onstage in the nude or near-nude that they threatened to get dressed. "If they do it," said Theater Owner Paul Raymond, "I'll ring down the curtain and give everybody their money back." But eventually he did turn the heating on earlier than usual; and stepped up the under-the-floor calorie content. "It's made all the difference," smiled Actor Noel Tovey. "I think the cast will be quite content." Not the tweedy British audience, though. "Like being in the tropics," muttered one lady in the stalls.

Billed simply as "Baptiste and Victoria," a handsome man and a big-eyed girl in whiteface have been putting on

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



VICTORIA & BAPTISTE
Clowning.

what they call an "Imaginary Circus" on the streets of French provincial towns and in a small Parisian nightclub. Enthusiastic audiences have been unaware how Victoria comes by her wistful clowning; she is the 19-year-old daughter of **Charlie Chaplin** and his wife, **Oona**—who is herself the daughter of America's greatest playwright, **Eugene O'Neill**. The circus she and Actor **Jean-Baptiste Thierree**, 33, have worked up "is not really for children," he says. "It is partly political, partly philosophical. The important thing is to make people laugh."

Her wedding plans are definitely off, said catlike **Eartha Kitt**, 40, in London last week. Then she added carthily, "I love him so much." Him was Ole Broendum-Nielsen, 32, a rich Danish manufacturer of sound equipment. She had announced her engagement the week be-

PICTORIAL PARADE



KITT IN COSTUME
Cleaving.

fore over a Birmingham radio station. At that time Ole's bemused reaction to the news was: "I have solved Miss Kitt's electroacoustic problems. But from that to marriage is a long jump."

After furnishing and refurbishing his embassy residence to the tune of \$1,000,000, the U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, **Walter Annenberg**, turned his attention to the 30 acres of garden. He ordered some 6,000 bulbs planted. The squirrels were delighted. They banqueted on the bulbs as fast as the gardeners could plant them. This meant war, decided the ambassador, and the order went out: Shoot to kill! Five squirrels bit the Regent's Park dust! Television crews trundled up. The ambassador had second thoughts. Different means were studied—including poisons and ultrasonic noises. Meanwhile the squirrels and others returned to the offensive. Last week the embassy received a telegram: YANKS GO HOME. It was signed "The Squirrels."

If privacy is getting to be a commodity only the rich can afford, the status symbol of the super-rich can only be outright invisibility. Four years ago, the unseen presence of Mystery-Man **Howard Hughes** began to be felt in Las Vegas. From the ninth floor of his Desert Inn, he acquired hotels, gambling casinos and entertainment enterprises in quantity lots. Last week there was a sense of vacuum in Vegas, and the familiar emanations began coming instead from the Bahamian island of Nassau. Their center seemed to be the seventh floor of the Britannia Beach Hotel on Paradise Island, but what wheels and deals that might bode for the Bahamas was impossible to descry.



COVERED IN "CALCUTTA"
Cooling.

ENVIRONMENT

The Real Thing

The fourth-graders at Gaines Road Elementary School in Athens, Ga., cluster before a brightly colored 30-by-45-in. game board. It depicts a small city complete with houses, stores and factories all encircled by forests, ponds, a marsh and a river. The teacher proposes that an airport be built over the marsh and a marina along the river. Both projects are quickly voted down by the youngsters—for sound ecological reasons.

"Make Your Own World" is a delightful teaching aid that Coca-Cola includes in its new ecology kit, a promotional giveaway for school boards. To date, Coke bottlers have distributed 4,000 kits nationwide, and every teacher who has seen it wants one.

The Deer Vote. Coke got expert help in developing the kit from the University of Georgia's Institute of Ecology. "We wanted the kids to realize that the world is not infinite and that its resources are limited," says Dr. Frank B. Golley, executive director of the institute. "We wanted them to devise a strategy to live within those limits."

Basic concepts are taught in a classroom brainstorming session called "Rescue in Space." The schoolchildren divide into two groups: eight astronauts going to Mars in two spaceships, plus ground-control crews responsible for the ships' air, water, food and living space. Once on Mars, one spacecraft breaks down. Given certain limitations, which the teacher reads from the kit's list, the challenge is to create and debate practical ways of bringing all the astronauts safely back in the closed ecological system of a single cramped spaceship.

The kids then graduate to "Make Your Own World." Eleven teams with an equal vote represent farmers, jobless workers and real estate developers as well as such usually disenfranchised interests as air, forests, soil—even deer. Playing the role of master planner, the teacher affixes overlay pictures of var-

ious new projects to the magnetic game board. She reads from a card describing each project's environmental consequences—the good and the bad. An industrial park, for example, brings 1) economic prosperity, 2) a larger population that will need additional space-consuming highways, and 3) air pollution. The kids then decide what to do by discussions ending in a democratic vote. As new projects cover the board, the children can see the ecological wisdom—or folly—of their decisions.

"There are no winners or losers," says Lassar Blumenthal, a freelance writer who worked on the kit. "The players are all in the same boat." What the discussion basically teaches is the art of making value choices, deer v. developers, for example. Ecologist Golley calls such choices "the strategy of remittance." As Coke's own slogan puts it, the game re-creates "the real thing."

The Next Interior Secretary

Walter J. Hickel confounded his early critics by becoming, in Ecologist Barry Commoner's words, "too effective." Now conservationists wish they could be sure that the next Interior Secretary will be even a half-Hickel. Indeed, many fear that Rogers C.B. Morton, 56, President Nixon's Secretary-designate, is not really qualified for the job. In an interview with *TIME* Correspondent Hays Gorey last week, Morton admitted: "I can understand the apprehension."

One alleged problem is Morton's past two years as chairman of the Republican National Committee. "He knows too well where the G.O.P. gets its campaign funds," says John Esposito, a leader of Ralph Nader's Raiders, implying that Morton may be soft on big industrial polluters. On the other hand, Chairman Morton has proved himself an able administrator and skillful politician—qualities that Hickel tended to lack.

Another worry is Morton's voting record on environmental matters as a four-



ROGERS MORTON
Haunted by Hickel.

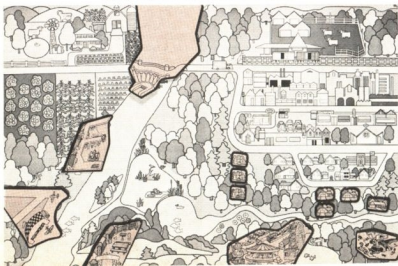
term Congressman from Maryland. According to the scorecard kept by the League of Conservation Voters, Morton rates -14 on a scale that goes from a perfect +25 (Representative Henry S. Reuss of Wisconsin) to a miserable -25 (Representative Page Belcher of Oklahoma). Morton voted against highway beautification and for the SST, which environmentalists consider a disaster. Except for fostering the Assateague Island National Seashore, his attention to bills relating to wildernesses and national parks was spotty. He missed the roll call on proposals to preserve areas in San Rafael, Calif., Biscayne, Fla., and the Great Swamp, N.J.

Eastern Advantage. For all that, the huge (6 ft. 7 in., 285 lbs.) Morton is not without defenders. They stress that he is an Easterner. Traditionally, Interior has gone to Westerners, who tend to be under intense home-state pressure to develop natural resources, not conserve them. In theory, Easterners can escape that pressure.

For his part Morton makes no secret of the fact that he has long wanted the job. "It's a tremendous opportunity to move the power of the bureaucracy," he says. Morton has always been a mover within established systems. A Yale graduate, he successfully managed his Kentucky family's milling business and one of his older brother Thruston's campaigns for Senator. In the early 1950s, he moved to Maryland to be a gentleman farmer, but in 1962 he decided to run for Congress. Affable and articulate, he soon became a popular legislator, serving first on the Interior and later on the Ways and Means committees. In those jobs, he says, he became a confirmed believer in the "committee system," a faith that is likely to help him get new legislation approved on Capitol Hill.

Special Pressure. Morton has firm ideas about the job ahead. He feels that the new Environmental Protection Agency (*TIME*, Nov. 23) will take care of law enforcement. Conservation, he says, will be his major responsibility. "It is a discipline. It must be practiced by all if it is to succeed. I hope I can make people aware of the problems

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and their solutions." Among his other thoughts:

THE ALASKA PIPELINE. "There is no dispute about its need. It is a very complex engineering problem, and it is up to us to indemnify in every way against design failure."

WILDERNESS AREAS. "I want more of them, particularly on the East Coast, where people can get to them."

OIL SPILLS. "I am a man of the sea. I'm not prepared to say now how we should draft a national policy, but I've been incensed by oil spills in Chesapeake Bay."

LAND-USE PLANNING. "We are going to have to control population density. We cannot afford a hodgepodge of local, state and federal approaches to land use. We must develop a long-term national policy."

There is little doubt that Rogers Morton today looks a great deal better than Wally Hickel did at a comparable time in his career. Nobody expects Morton to match Hickel's gusto, drive and independence. But many predict that he will be more politically effective. According to one of his friends, "Rog feels the pressure of Hickel's record. He will not want it said that when Hickel stood up, Morton caved in to special interests."

New Era in Indian Affairs

To the Taos Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, the land is both religion and church. Since the 13th century they have particularly venerated Blue Lake in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. For them, Blue Lake is roughly analogous to Catholicism's Vatican or Judaism's Zion. But the tribe has owned neither land nor lake since 1906, when Teddy Roosevelt took them over as part of Carson National Forest. Although the House of Representatives has passed legislation in the past two years to right the old wrong, the measure has always been killed in the Senate Interior Committee.

Last week, much to the delight of the Taosños, the Senate voted 70 to 12 to give 48,000 acres back to the tribe. Held in trust by the Secretary of the Interior, the land will be preserved as wilderness and used by the Indians mainly for religious ceremonies, hunting and maintaining livestock.

The bill's passage indicates that President Nixon is keeping his pledge, made last July, to open "a new era in which the Indian future is determined by Indian acts and Indian decisions." The measure would never have got to the Senate floor without presidential pressure on members who feared that a break for the Taosños would invite other Indians to press land claims against the Government. Now it goes to the White House for Nixon's signature, which is assured. Meanwhile, another part of the President's program is moving faster than anyone expected. The Bureau of Indian Affairs, traditionally staffed by patronage appointees, is being reorganized to permit the tribes to have greater control over their destinies.

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Women's Lib:

A Second Look

To Critic Irving Howe, the book is "a farrago of blunders, distortions, vulgarities and plain nonsense," and its author is guilty of "historical reductionism," "crude simplification," "middle-class parochialism," "sexual monism," "methodological sloppiness," "arrogant ultimatism" and "comic ignorance." Howe's attack seemed certain to stir up an unholy war between the sexes. For it was directed against both the bible and the high priestess of the Women's Liberation movement: *Sexual Politics* and its author, Kate Millett.

Howe was not alone. Last week, while Kate and her allies were girding themselves for a new equality strike on Dec. 12, other critics were also dissecting both book and movement. Anthropologist Lionel Tiger, *Harper's* Editor Midge Decter, Janet Malcolm in the *New Republic*, and *Esquire* Writer Helen Lawrenson raised some provocative questions. Can the feminists think clearly? Do they know anything about biology? What about their maturity, their morality, their sexuality? Ironically, Kate Millett herself contributed to the growing skepticism about the movement by acknowledging at a recent meeting that she is bisexual. The disclosure is bound to discredit her as a spokeswoman for her cause, cast further doubt on her theories, and reinforce the views of those skeptics who routinely dismiss all liberationists as lesbians.

Female Impersonator. Howe was unaware of Kate's confession when he reviewed *Sexual Politics* for *Harper's*, but he nevertheless sensed a sexual ambiguity in its author. Kate, he writes, "shows very little warmth toward women and very little awareness of their experience. There are times one feels the book was written by a female impersonator."

What bothers Howe even more is Kate's "lack of intellectual sophistication," betrayed, he says, by her "dominating obsession" with the idea that all male-female differences except anatomical ones are culturally rather than biologically determined. Besides, he continues, she maligns Freud when she brands him a counterrevolutionary whose theories set back the cause of women's freedom. On the contrary, Howe believes, Freud's ideas paved the way for today's concern about sex roles. He tried to free women from "subordination to domineering fathers," and to help them like themselves as women. That, says Howe, is not necessarily the same as trying to make them stay in the kitchen.

Masters and Chattels. Though he admits that women have been exploited, Howe points out that men have, too, and in the same way: as members of disadvantaged classes rather than as members of one sex or the other. Moreover,

"males may have been 'masters' and females 'chattels,' but this is perhaps the only such relationship in human history where the 'masters' sent themselves and their sons to die in wars while trying to spare their 'chattels.'"

Howe has nothing but scorn for the Millett assertion that only men have human work to do. Asks he: "Is the poor bastard writing soap jingles performing a 'human' task morally or psychologically superior to what his wife does at home, where she can at least reach toward an uncontaminated relationship with her own child?"

Why, Howe asks, "cannot intelligent



"ESQUIRE'S" FEMINIST
A splenetic frenzy of hatred.

and humane people look upon sexual differences as a source of pleasure?" From *Sexual Politics*, "you would never know that there are families where men and women work together in a reasonable approximation of humanness, fraternity and even equality."

That equality might be more easily attainable, says Lionel Tiger* in a recent *New York Times* article, if feminists recognized biology. No one can avoid the fact that menstruation appears to make a difference. In one study cited by Tiger, girls taking exams just before their periods earned grades 14% to 15% lower than was usual for them. Other studies show that 46% of female admissions to mental hospitals come in

the seven to eight days before menstruation. So do 53% of women's suicide attempts and 49% of crimes committed by women.

When society accepts this difference, Tiger suggests, it can minimize the effects. How? By adjusting exams and work time (the flying time of women pilots, for example) "to the realities of female experience." When feminists ignore biology, claims Tiger, they may make it harder for women to compete for scholarships, jobs, graduate school entry and other prerequisites of wealth and status.

Refusal to Grow Up. To Midge Decter, writing in *Commentary*, the feminist's problem is her refusal to grow up: "To judge from what she says and does—finding only others at fault for her predicaments, speaking always of herself as a means of stating the general case, shedding tears as a means of negotiation—the freedom she seeks is a freedom demanded by children and enjoyed by no one: the freedom from all difficulty."

According to Journalist Decter (who is 43, married, and the mother of four children), the liberated woman, with most of men's options open to her, has found work less interesting and sex less fun than she had hoped. By her very discontent with what most men find rewarding, she has proved herself different from men. But to this she is blind; in *Women's Lib* she has created a "culture of dissatisfaction," and she has found someone to blame—men.

Women are not men's victims, Editor Decter says. Both sexes have the same freedom: "To make certain choices and take the consequences." A feminist need not be a "sexual object." Instead, she may remain chaste, "thereby restoring to herself that uniquely feminine power over men which many women so cavalierly make light of in the struggle for equality."

What concerns Janet Malcolm is feminine power over children. In the *New Republic*, she raises a moral issue: "From feminists' writings, one gathers that the claims of children are incompatible with the rights of women, and that it is the children, being the less important of the two, who must be sacrificed." Liberationists writing about children remind her of *Playboy* authors writing about women: "There is the same condescension and tendency to see the child as an object rather than as a person."

Writer Malcolm considers togetherness "vulgar and stupid," but she warns that feminism "may be an even more invidious cause of unhappiness and discontent." It may well be, if some of its extreme tenets are adopted. But chances are that society will heed only the movement's legitimate demands. All the rest—motivated by what Helen Lawrenson calls the "splenetic frenzy of hatred for men" voiced by "these sick, silly creatures"—is likely to remain unacceptable to all but the sickest and the silliest.

* Who first rebutted *Sexual Politics* in an interview published in *Time's* cover story on Kate Millett (Aug. 31).



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THE LAW

Success or Excess?

The biggest victories in the Government's fitful war on poverty have been won by 1,950 young attorneys who constitute the Office of Economic Opportunity's legal services program. Their accomplishments range from winning rent-strike rights for tenants in Washington, D.C., to the expansion of welfare services nationwide. Such a record hardly seems to call for the firing of the program director, Terry Lenzner, and his deputy, Frank Jones. But that is exactly what happened (TIME, Nov. 30). Now the OEO legal services division is full of deepening suspicion that the firing was a clear sign the Administration intends to gut the program.

The central question is whether the program's most visible achievements were successes or excesses. OEO Director Donald Rumsfeld, who did the firing, apparently felt that Lenzner's activist approach failed to take account of political realities. When California legal services offices won expansion of the medical aid rolls, for instance, the state government somehow had to find an extra \$200 million. Governor Ronald Reagan's complaints could be heard clearly in Washington.

Crunch. Lenzner's backers argue that legal rights are legal rights whatever the political realities. And they see other indications that the program is being emasculated. A year ago, it was decided that all new lawyers had to be cleared by the White House. More recently, Rumsfeld proposed to move basic responsibility for the program from Lenzner and the 850 local OEO law offices to regional OEO directors, who are all political appointees. Rumsfeld scrapped the plan in the face of harsh criticism by the American Bar Association among others, but replaced it with a variation that some A.B.A. officials think will have the same effect.

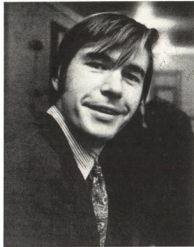
Last week some of Rumsfeld's political fears materialized. The Senate Finance Committee voted to forbid payment of federal salaries to any lawyer who challenges U.S. welfare policies. Rumsfeld vigorously urged the Senate to reverse the committee, saying the new rule "could seriously inhibit" the program. Also last week, Rumsfeld okayed a renewal of funding for two of the most controversial programs: \$1,800,000 for California Rural Legal Assistance (CRLA) and \$1,000,000 for legal aid on the Navajo Indian reservation in Arizona, New Mexico and Utah. Rumsfeld's critics are still worried. The Navajo grant was accompanied by a ruling that shifts control of the local board away from representatives of the local poor. And in California, Governor Reagan can veto the CRLA money. If he does so, the telltale crunch may come when Rumsfeld decides whether or not to override the veto.

Tigar for the Defense

In Seattle last February, 2,000 chanting youths descended on the city's federal courthouse to protest what they regarded as the unfair conduct of U.S. District Judge Julius J. Hoffman in the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial. Prepared for the worst, Seattle police had hidden riot squads in the public library across the street. When some of the protesters foolishly hurled rocks through the court windows and splattered paint on the walls, the police swooped out of their hiding place and arrested 77 demonstrators.

Local courts soon acquitted or dismissed the charges against nearly all

ROBERT W. KELLEY

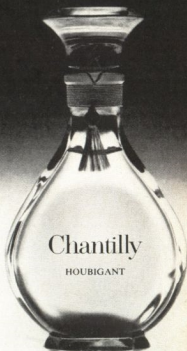


MICHAEL TIGAR
Abler and cooler.

the defendants. But the Justice Department used the incident as a reason to investigate a nascent radical group called the Seattle Liberation Front. Last spring FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover personally announced federal indictments against eight S.L.F. members. Though none of them had been arrested at the demonstration, all were charged with conspiring to damage federal property; five were also accused of crossing state lines with the intention of causing a riot. It was the Government's first use, since the Chicago trial, of the 1968 federal antiriot law, which civil libertarians insist is unconstitutional.

Simple Heart. Many lay observers have expected the mop-haired "Seattle Eight" to stage a political trial as messy as the one in Chicago. The defendants have, in fact, caused a few sporadic disruptions—clenched-fist salutes for the judge and brief scuffles outside the courtroom. But when the new trial opened in Tacoma last week, there were clear differences. For one, U.S. District Judge George Boldt, 66, seems more detached and judicious than Julius Hoffman. His authority has also been strengthened by

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last spring's Supreme Court decision (*Illinois v. Allen*), which sanctioned contempt citations, gagging or expulsion of obstreperous defendants. But equally significant, the American Civil Liberties Union has chosen as attorney for two of the defendants a brilliant young U.C.L.A. law professor—Michael Tigar, 29—who is abler and cooler than William Kunstler of Chicago fame.

Determined to perform as a lawyer, not a polemicist, Tigar calmly points out that nearly all the "overt acts" cited by the Government against the defendants consist of meetings and speeches. Dressed in a sober suit, white shirt and tie, Tigar began his opening statement to the jury by promising to be "mercifully brief." He was. "Conspiracy deals in essence with the contents of men's minds," he said in part. "That is the simple heart of this case."

Student Activist. Tigar grew up in Los Angeles, the son of a machinists' union official whose schooling ended in the eighth grade. One of Berkeley's first student activists in the early 1960s, he protested ROTC, favored the Cuban Revolution and demonstrated against the House Un-American Activities Committee. For his efforts, Tigar was investigated by the California legislature's HUAC equivalent. California conservatives and their congressional allies were so disturbed by his activities that they pressured Supreme Court Justice William Brennan Jr. to withdraw his offer of a clerkship for Tigar, who had graduated at the top of his law-school class. Brennan reluctantly went along.

In a sense, Tigar benefited from the loss of the clerkship: Edward Bennett Williams quickly hired him as a trial lawyer in Washington, D.C. In three years, he helped defend clients as diverse as Bobby Baker and Abbie Hoffman, Pentagon peace marchers and two of Malcolm X's assassins. Before leaving Washington, Tigar helped found the Selective Service Law Reporter, the first and best compilation of draft laws for use in Selective Service cases.

For the past year and a half, he has been one of U.C.L.A. Law School's most popular teachers and a rising scholar as well. In the June issue of the U.C.L.A. *Law Review*, he published a probing article on the Supreme Court's handling of "political questions." In its annual review of Supreme Court decisions, the *Harvard Law Review* recently published Tigar's commentary as a lead article. His well-documented theme: the nation's criminal courts are so congested that U.S. justice now "works" primarily by persuading defendants to waive their rights in order to resolve cases faster.

In his *Harvard* article, Tigar argues that courts cannot expect respect when the Government appears to use the judicial system as "a weapon to repress dissent." Even so, Tigar was meticulously polite in the Seattle courtroom last week, the model of a good trial lawyer, who thus far seems unwilling to let the Seattle trial become a Chicago-like circus.

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TELEVISION

The Don and Howard Show

The Philadelphia Eagles' Billy Walik caught a Giant punt and broke loose for a 45-yd. runback. ABC-TV Commentator Howard Cosell spoke up in his distinctive nasal twang: "While we were walking up to the booth tonight, my colleague, Dandy Don Meredith, said: 'Howard, you watch, Walik is going to break a punt tonight.'" To which Colleague Meredith cheerfully replied: "Now, Hahrd, Ah didn't say that. But if you say Ah said it, Ah'll stick with it." Pause. "Hahrd, why do you always do that to me?" The gang in the press box burst into laughter.

Meredith's Texas drawl and bucolic quips sound as if they belong on one of ABC *Monday Night Football's* competitors, *Mayberry R.F.D.* Which makes them a highly effective counterpoint to Cosell's rasping New York pedantry. As Meredith told TIME's Mark Goodman last week, "If Cosell says, 'They have a paucity of plays,' I may say something like, 'If you mean they ain't got a whole bunch, you're right.'" As a result, the Don and Howard Show has become so entertaining that at times it comes close to upstaging the action on the field below. There have been rumors that Cosell might bow out next season, which would be unfortunate. Still, Meredith has amply demonstrated that he can carry the ball by himself.

Raucous Fans. A former star quarterback for the Dallas Cowboys, Meredith, 32, does not disguise his partiality to either the Cowboys or quarterbacks. During the Eagle-Giant game Meredith had to take over in the second half, when Cosell, flu-ridden and well fortified against chill, threw up on Dandy Don's black cowboy boots and had to leave the frigid press box. There was no question that a quarterback was at the mike late in the second half, when quarterbacks Fran Tarkenton of the Giants and Norm Snead of the Eagles punched over for touchdowns. "When you're in trouble, go to your power runners," Meredith gleefully cried.

He was at his most partisan when his beloved Cowboys were lurching toward a 38-0 drubbing from the St. Louis Cardinals. The Cards jumped off to a quick 17-0 lead, and raucous Cowboy fans began screaming for Quarterback Craig Morton's scalp. "We want Meredith!" they chanted. Don, who had heard the same fans boo him on more than one occasion, sighed: "Man, you don't know what trouble is till you're 17 points behind in the Cotton Bowl."

Morton soon threw a clothesline pass straight into the arms of a Cardinal defender. "Well," said Meredith wryly, "maybe he was the only man open." As the fans continued to call for him, Meredith grinned: "There's no way you're going to get me down on that

field tonight." He apologized in the closing moments for "not doing a very good job tonight." In fact, his running comments saved an otherwise dull runaway ball game.

Say Whatever. On occasion, Meredith does not mind dealing in personalities. Indeed, during his days with the Cowboys he was one of the most acute and outspoken of pro ball-players. During the Minnesota-Kansas City game he remarked: "If Minnesota's Bud Grant and my old coach, Tom Landry, were in a personality contest, they'd have trouble coming up with a winner."

Meredith's humor is complemented by a quick, nervous intelligence and an encompassing fund of football savvy. A native of Mt. Vernon, Texas, he



DON MEREDITH



HOWARD COSELL

broke a passel of passing records at Southern Methodist, and was a top draft choice of the Cowboys in 1960. His splendid nine-year professional career (1,170 passes completed for 17,199 yds. and 135 touchdowns) was somewhat tarnished by his inability to lead the talented Cowboys to an N.F.L. championship. He retired at the end of the 1968 season to devote himself to his Dallas brokerage business. Last year his old friend, CBS Announcer Frank Gifford, recommended Meredith to Roone Arledge, president of ABC-TV Sports. "I hired him over our first lunch," Arledge recalls. "I told him to say whatever he felt like saying. People are tired of announcers who treat football like a religion, and Meredith is just the touch we needed."

Meredith is enjoying himself immensely. "Could I ask for anything better? I'm not trying to be a stand-up comic, but I don't want to report a game as a catastrophic event either." He concedes that the view from the press box has made him miss football more than ever this year. "It's funny," he muses, "but I still get nervous and can't eat before a game. But as long as I feel that way, I think I can do a good job."

MUSIC

Handstands and Fluent Fusion

If 1969 was the year of the supergroup, 1970 will most likely go down in history as the year rock began searching for a superman. The candidates have come from everywhere—especially from such fretful or dissent-ridden groups as the Beatles, Jefferson Airplane and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. One reason behind the search for individualism is that youth in America, as elsewhere, has become less interested in rock as a mind-blowing communal expression and more curious about what individual musicians may have to say. What the rock world seems to need right now, therefore, is a high-talented, low-keyed, protest-free approach to life and sound that will appeal equally to the flower child in the young and the gardener of verses in the old.

The most likely candidate, so far, is a tousle-haired Englishman named Elton John, 23. Because he burst on the U.S. scene only four months ago, it is

classical touches—sweeping strings and poignant little solos by oboe and harp, for example—lend both drama and restraint to John's big beat. The first album is already in *Billboard's* top 25. *Tumbleweed*, earthier and more direct, ought to be one of the big hits of 1971. John's first U.S. tour—last week he all but filled the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis and two weeks ago jammed Manhattan's Fillmore East four times in two nights—shows off a natural stage presence and timing worthy of a veteran stand-up comic.



ELTON JOHN AT PLAY
One-man music factory.

too early to tell whether John is a superman. But he is certainly a one-man music factory with a rich bag of assorted talents. He plays piano with the urbane primitivism of a Glenn Gould thumping out variations on rock 'n' roll's Jerry Lee Lewis. His singing style ranges from a Mick Jagger snarl to a delicate, insinuating plaint that recalls José Feliciano. As a composer, John has already turned out more than a dozen of the year's best songs—in styles that include country rock, country blues, just plain country, gospel, soft rock and classical rock.

Porky Pig. His record albums—*Elton John* and *Tumbleweed Connection*, the latter to be released this week by Uni Records—are as different from each other as they are elegantly superior to much of what rock has produced in the past year or two. Part of the credit for that must go to John's favorite arranger, Paul Buckmaster, 24, whose deft

John has been doing his live act only since last summer. Perhaps that is the reason he seems to want to sell himself more than he really has to. He comes on with a long cape looking a bit like Michael J. Pollard impersonating Batman, and gradually sheds down to a star-patterned T shirt, slacks and a Porky Pig button that lights up. Then, kicking away the piano bench, he goes into an old-fashioned rock-'n'-roll finale and plays standing up, kneeling down, even handstanding on the keyboard with feet high in air.

John began playing piano at home at age four. Later he studied piano and theory formally for five years at London's Royal Academy of Music. Then he chucked the classics for pop, joined the British group called Bluesology and adopted his current name, figuring he would just never make it as Reginald Kenneth Dwight.

In 1968 he and a lad named Bernie Taupin both answered an ad in a British pop weekly; a record company was looking for composers and lyricists. They didn't get the job but they have been together ever since, Bernie writing lyrics, Elton music.

Holy Moses. Their current songs defy categorization because of Taupin's almost cinematic imagery and John's fluent, original fusion of recent pop forms. *Border Song* ("Holy Moses let us live in peace/Let us strive to find a way to make all hatred cease") is more authentically gospel than anything Anglican has a right to be. Imported or not, it has quickly been picked up and recorded by blacks like Dorothy Morrison and Aretha Franklin.

In a graceful love ballad, *I Need You to Turn To*, John plays the harpsichord with a delicate touch that creates just the right pinch of pink-cheeked, Highland-flavored romance. Songs like *My Father's Gun* and *Talking Old Soldiers* show the clear influence of The Band in their concern, respectively, for the history of the old American South and the ever-present pain of growing old. It is an influence freely and proudly conceded by the composers. One thing most of the songs have in common is a relentless rhythmic build-up from a quiet beginning. *Burn Down the Mission*, for example, starts out like a country stroll and ends like a hell-bent Georgia stagecoach.

Beyond his music and potential as a major singing star, Elton John also symbolizes a subtle but highly significant change in a field where once no composer worth his suede jacket would be caught dead without a guitar. Slowly, surely, the piano is gaining ground. Partly, this reflects rock's recent absorption of jazz and the blues, in which the piano has always played a predominant role. More important, many of today's leading rock composers find the range and nuance of the piano more suitable for the personal, diverse and poetic turn rock is taking.

■ William Bender



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THE THEATER

The Heart Is a Peopled Wound

Freud argued that suicide is the would-be murder of another person deflected against the self. Could the reverse be true? Might a murder be a suicide performed upon someone else? Such is one tentative meaning that could be derived from Marguerite Duras' simultaneously luminous and opaque play, *A Place Without Doors*, which is having its U.S. premiere at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater. Another tentative meaning might be that life is a mystery on a scale that reduces the solution of a murder to the pettiest of puzzles. Since Marguerite Duras is a French novelist and a scenarist (*Hiroshima, Mon Amour*), still another specifically Gallic meaning to be drawn from her play is that the heart has its reasons that reason knows not of.

The evening begins with a documentary tape. A voice announces that on April 8, 1966, a piece of a human body was found on a railway car in France. Other pieces were found but never the head. By analyzing railway intersections, the Paris police discovered that all of the trains involved passed under the same bridge in the small commune of Viorne near Paris. A housewife in the district, Claire Amelie Lannes, 51, was confronted by detectives and at once confessed to the murder of her deaf-and-dumb cousin and housekeeper. In point of fact, *A Place Without Doors* was inspired by a slightly different case. In December 1949, a 51-year-old housewife killed her husband with a hatchet and chopped him up into many pieces which she threw off a bridge (Pont de la Montagne Pavée) near Corbeil.

The play takes an almost maddeningly

undramatic form. The first act consists of an interrogation of the murderer's husband (Richard A. Dysart) by a man who stands in the shadows and is known as The Questioner (Alvin Epstein). In the second act he interrogates Claire Lannes (Mildred Dunnock). The husband is a dull, evasive clog of a businessman, and the first act is enough of an ordeal to put a playgoer's patience in doubt. The second act redeems all. As certain healers are adept at touching the body to ease pain, playwright Duras is skilled at touching a woman's psyche to expose pain. And love, and loathing—the heart's peopled wound. And a claustrophobically confined intelligence. *A Place Without Doors* really lies in the land of Hedda Gabler.

The sensitive, edgy, intuitive neurotic heroine is really a self-inquisitioner who pares away one after another of life's enigmas without revealing a single motive for her crime. The plaintiffs she registers against the cousin-housekeeper are that she was silent, efficient, clean, ate and slept well, and "was too fat for the house." This is rather like the killer in Poe's *The Tell-Tale Heart*, who murdered his victim because he could not stand his clouded blue eye. With power and wonder, both Poe and Duras show us that an act may be most distinctively human and lifelike precisely because it is logically motiveless.

For Mildred Dunnock, this is the apex of a distinguished theatrical career. She has abandoned every suggestion of the flutery, eccentric demialcoholic spinster who at times seemed in perpetual quest of another Tennessee Williams play. Her hands sculpture the silence with disciplined eloquence. Her voice whispers with the morning mists, rages with the noon sun and keens the elegy of twilight. She makes an entire life pattern evolve before one's eyes like the organic cycle of the seasons, each mood, tone and thought blending seamlessly into the next. It is a stunning performance in a matchless role.

■ T.E. Kalem

Blood for the Bony Lady

T.S. Eliot called him "the singular poet with the delightful name." Cyril Tourneur's name is one of the few things known about the Elizabethan dramatist. In an era of prolific playwriting, he produced only two plays that have survived, *The Atheist's Tragedy* and *The Revenger's Tragedy*, and even the dates of his birth and death are blanks. He attained no great popularity among his contemporaries. The sole allusion to Tourneur in an old chronicle sums him up this way:

*His fame unto that pitch so only raised
As not to be despised nor too much praised.*



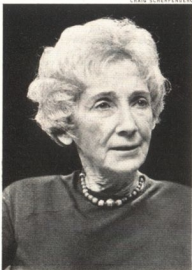
HAIGH IN "THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY"
Genius is not catching.

This is an apt criticism of his play *The Revenger's Tragedy*, which has been revived by the Yale Repertory Theatre. It qualifies as a zestful enterprise in theatrical archaeology but a somewhat more obscure service to drama.

Since the play originally appeared around 1607, Tourneur had had plenty of time to be influenced by Shakespeare. *The Revenger's Tragedy* shows that genius is not catching. In the way that one speaks of situation comedies, Tourneur's play is a situation tragedy, with its repetitive horrors and villains lurching unpredictably into farce. Its demonic hero, Vendice (Kenneth Haigh), is bent on revenge without a hindering trace of Hamlet's "pale cast of thought" or the Dane's meditative scruples. Vendice comes onstage fondling the skull of his poisoned mistress. He plays pander in the court of the duke who killed her. Assembling the skeleton of his beloved (he calls her "the bony lady"), Vendice gowns and perfumes her, rouges the skull's lips with poison and tricks the duke into kissing her.

This is merely the cream of the evening's deadly jests. The play moves like a venomous centipede through rape, incest, fratricide, adultery and bloody multiple murder. Early on, Tourneur has Vendice say, "To be honest is not to be i' the world." It establishes the odor of a play that contains the stench of sin and a lung-blackening smog of corruption. Robert Brustein, who directs an able cast with a firm, brisk hand, doubtless sees *The Revenger's Tragedy* as a cautionary parable for a later age steeped in blood and death and degraded values. The trouble is that rubbing one's nose in a mess is not the best method of cleaning it up. Tourneur tends to prod rather than persuade, and he is too cynical for compassion, too much the devil's advocate to indict devilishness in others.

■ T.E.K.



DUNNOCK IN "A PLACE"
Murder may be motiveless.

MODERN LIVING

Kicking the Habit

Cigarette smoking may indeed be hazardous to health, as that little sign on each packet warns. Quitting can be equally risky. TIME Writer Bob McCabe, a three-pack-a-day smoker, suffered through a 13-day Caribbean "Stop-Smoking Cruise" that ended last week. His ill-tempered report:

We stumble aboard the Prudential-Grace liner S.S. *Santa Paula* as the rain pours down, our loved ones deftly plucking the last packages of cigarettes from our nervous hands. We are to spend almost two weeks aboard ship. The cruise sponsor, the Institute for New Motivations, has decreed that we will be without tobacco, subject to endless lectures and exhortations by psychologists, defenseless against encounter-group leaders and a hypnotist who is all but guar-

anteed to free us from our habit. A few fling matches and even treasured lighters into the Hudson. Others are caching cigarettes throughout the ship.

As the *Santa Paula* moves down the Hudson toward the sea, my first faint yearnings for a cigarette coalesce into raving desire. A quick drink only magnifies the pangs. The dinner gong bongs and I meet my tablemates: we loathe each other on sight. One sucks on dummy cigarettes. Another is clearly going to have no trouble quitting; he is too loaded to light a cigarette. Says Hy, a Newark businessman: "We are all compulsive suicides."

Moment of Confrontation. The speeches begin as coffee is poured. We are going to have "fun," says Dr. William J. Nemon, hypnotist

and medical director, while we learn not to care about cigarettes. Arbitrarily, we are divided into groups, and I size up my leader, Dr. Gordon F. Derner. He is wearing cowboy boots and a crew haircut, and he keeps telling us to share our feelings. One addict, Arthur, admits that he has half a pack in his pocket. "Put it on the table," the doctor suggests. Reluctantly, he does. As we watch, horrified, a sincere young mod named Lana picks up the packet and shreds the cigarettes. Shaken, we head for our bunks.

Over the next three days, the antismoking message is

prising number admit that they are still yielding. A palefaced Alan says: "I've been so seaisick all day that I haven't had a chance to think about smoking, but as soon as I'm well, I'll start again. I'm weak, I know I'm weak." Obviously, Alan's motivation is already shaky: "You can't just stand around at cocktail parties smoking a carrot," he complains.

We are kept busy, which is part of the plan. "This is a four-pronged program," says Dr. George D. Goldman, a psychoanalyst from Garden City, N.Y. "We have a controlled environment, without cigarettes, which cuts down the social-habit motivation. The groups help reinforce the nonsmoking motivation. The breathing and hypnotism classes do the same, and the films and lectures complete the program." These techniques have been aimed at smokers before—but never in a sustained barrage. Now we are the targets—at \$250 apiece over usual cruise fares.

At a press conference, I learn that although we have 204 passengers aboard, only 99 are smokers who are participating in the program, and of these, only about 65 to 75 have completely stopped smoking. The nonparticipants include freeloaders, employees of the sponsors, the professional staff and Comedienne Phyllis Diller and her entourage (she's all for public relations reasons).

First indoctrination completed, we dock at Curaçao for a run ashore. Suddenly everyone we see seems to be smoking, and we plunge into the shops—or the clear sea—to escape. The weakest-willed flee back to the ship. This is to be the pattern for the next several days. Aruba proves particularly dangerous: the excitement of its busy casinos traps winners and losers alike into forgetting their vows.

New Incarnation. During the group sessions, however, camaraderie grows. A cheerful, plump woman reports suffering a five-stitch scalp cut earlier in the day but finding she did not need a cigarette to ease the shock. We applaud. Arthur, however, still craves a smoke. "I started to eat a carnation at our table," he says, "and it was better than spinach. But I know that if I really get to like them, Ralph Nader will come out next day and tell me that carnations are injurious to my health."

As we head north toward Florida and New York again, Goldman seems optimistic. "Right now," he says, "I figure that about two-thirds of the smokers are off tobacco." The real test will come once the voyage has ended. Says Goldman: "It would be wonderful if 30 to 40 percent quit permanently. We expect a minimum of 15 to 20 percent." At a costume ball as the cruise nears its end, a blonde dressed as a cigarette girl saunters out. Our applause is fiery and approving, the band goes into *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, and we are all left to worry about how long our tobacco cure really will last.



BILL RAY—LIFE



A FEW FINAL PUFFS BEFORE CRUISE BEGINS



NEMON & PATIENT



DILLY & DILLER

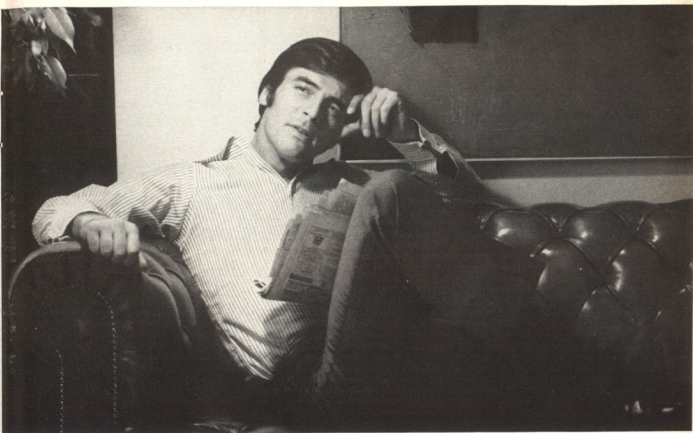
You can't smoke a carrot.

HYPNOSIS SEMINAR



pounded home. At our first hypnosis seminar, Nemon shows us how to put ourselves into trances. As he talks, most of the listeners drop off, and Nemon intones the credo: tobacco is a poison to the body, you need your body to live, and thus you must protect your body from further poisoning.

At the twice-a-day encounter-group sessions, fellow members tell of extraordinary yearnings for a smoke, and a sur-



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I can't seem to forget you...
Your Wind Song stays on my...
Wind Song stays on my mind.



Wind Song Perfume by Prince Matchabelli

RELIGION



POPE PAUL VI OFFERING MASS AT SYDNEY'S RANDWICK RACECOURSE BEFORE 200,000 WORSHIPERS

To Discover the Church

A WEEK before he left Rome on his eight-country tour of Asia, Australia and Oceania, Pope Paul VI told a general audience that the theme of his trip was "the discovery of the church." Paul explained that the church is "so deep, complex and involved with the destinies of individuals and mankind that we shall never succeed in grasping it adequately. We must always be exploring it." Last week, as he completed the trip, the peripatetic Pontiff gave every evidence that he was learning from his explorations—just as many along his route were seeing a new dimension of Catholicism in the Pope's earnest efforts to reach all classes and cultures.

Not all his discoveries were pleasant, reported TIME Rome Correspondent Wilton Wynn, who made the trip with the Pope. On his last afternoon in Manila, Paul traveled to the dilapidated shacks of the city's Tondo slum. There he visited the home of Carlos Navarro, a construction worker who tries to support a wife and eight children on a dollar a day—when he can find work. Before he left Navarro's dirt-floored shack, the Pope slipped \$500 into Navarro's pocket. For the astonished Navarro, the money meant at least two years' income. The Pope left the shack with tears in his eyes.

Genuine Values. In Western Samoa, after a quick change of planes in Pago Pago, the Pontiff was received like a high chieftain. He rode through groves of mango and breadfruit under 66 arches woven of wood fibers, flowers, vines and leaves. At the church of St. Anne at Leulumoega, a quiet, respectful crowd presented the Pope with a huge roast pig after he said Mass. Though only four hours long, the Samoan visit seemed to bear out the "Message to Asia" that the Pope had broadcast before leaving Manila. "The church cannot be foreign to any nation or people," he said. "It is

held to be incarnate in each climate, culture and race. It must plunge its roots deep into the spiritual and cultural soil of each place and assimilate each genuine value." Among Asia's special values singled out by Paul: "The discipline of your ascetics, the profound religious spirit of your people, the filial piety and attachment to the family, the cult of ancestors" (see box).

By contrast there was a chiding note in the Pope's major address to some 200,000 worshipers at Sydney's Randwick Racecourse later in the week. Though he praised the "characteristic dynamism" of the "young country," the Pope questioned whether "pride in having built a prosperous Australia is enough for you." He warned of "the temptation to be satisfied when material needs are fulfilled . . . to forget life's moral and spiritual dimension . . . to fill its place with counterfeits, some of which lead in the end to contempt for man." One symptom

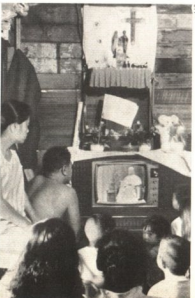
of such contempt, the Pope seemed to imply, might be Australia's discriminatory immigration restrictions. "Do not close your limited circle," he said at one point, "for the sake of selfish satisfaction."

Sword Dances. Perhaps the most exotic welcome of the entire trip came in Moslem Indonesia, where some 50,000 Indonesians of all faiths streamed into Djakarta stadium for the Pope's Mass. A dozen warriors from Timor Island, wearing red headgear and waving machetes, did sword dances in front of the Pope's car as he was driven around the stadium track. An ecumenical procession, including Protestants, Moslems and Buddhists, bore an array of gifts—among them a copy of the Koran in Arabic. In his sermon, the Pope repeated once more his message of Catholicism's universality. "Jesus Christ shared our human condition, making himself a part of the world of his time," Paul reminded his listeners. "In the same way, the Christian is no stranger among his own people. He shares all their honorable customs."

Ceylon was the last stop, and a surprising one. There the Pope was greeted by Prime Minister Sirimavo Bandaranaike and a crowd of at least 500,000. The country's highest ranking Buddhist monk was on hand to declare that the Pope's visit "will help all us Ceylonese to live like brothers." In his reply, Paul diplomatically praised the country's "courageous social policy."

Paul had already made his real peroration earlier that day in Hong Kong. His major address in the Crown Colony was studiously unpolitical, though he addressed it to "all the Chinese people wherever they may be." In a sense, it might have been addressed to all those who wondered what the Pope was doing so far from Rome in the first place. "There comes to this Far Eastern land, for the first time in history, the humble apostle of Christ that we are," noted Paul. "And what does he

FILIPINO FAMILY WATCHING POPE





Arriving in Manila, Pope Paul VI blesses Irene Marcos, daughter of the Philippine President, after receiving a bouquet.



Pakistan's President Yahya Khan greets the flower-garlanded Pope during a midnight stop at Dacca, East Pakistan.

In Manila's Rizal Park, some 200 candidates for the priesthood from Asian countries lie prostrate as the Pope leads their rite of ordination.





Sarong-clad Samoans present Pope Paul with a 400-lb. roast pig after Mass in Western Samoa.

say? Why does he come? To sum it up in one word: love. Christ is a teacher, a shepherd, and a loving redeemer for China too. The church cannot leave unsaid this good word: love, which will be forever." When the papal jet touched down in Rome last Saturday, that was the message that remained behind.

Bitter Tour in Africa

While Pope Paul VI journeyed through Asia to considerable welcome, Britain's Archbishop of Canterbury made a quieter, less congenial trip through the white towns and black "homelands" of the Republic of South Africa. After a 16-day, 3,000-mile journey in the *apartheid* state, the head of the Anglican Communion was scarcely optimistic. "It would be premature to

say that I believe that wrong was going to prevail," said the Most Rev. and Rt. Hon. Arthur Michael Ramsey in Johannesburg last week. But he saw only two alternatives: "Either violent revolution or a real change in which Christian people can play a part."

Ramsey had hoped, perhaps naively, to soften *apartheid* attitudes on his visit, but a 40-minute meeting with South African Prime Minister B.J. Vorster to discuss the subject was openly "frosty," witnesses reported. Ramsey made no secret of his own opinion. *Apartheid*, he told one multiracial audience, is "a hindrance to the church's task of preaching the Gospel."

Ramsey ruled out "any form of violence" as an acceptable solution to the nation's race problems. "Christians

are not called to violence, and indeed violent revolution in this country might have the most ghastly and tragic results. But time is short. When all civilized channels are closed, men become violent."

Ramsey's warning was not likely to stir South Africa's three Dutch Reformed churches, whose theology is often cited as a justification for *apartheid*. But Anglicans, who form the third largest Protestant group in the nation (after the Dutch Reformed churches and Methodists), were not likely to disagree with him. The Church of the Province of South Africa, an autonomous church within the Canterbury Communion, counts some 1,000,000 members, of whom 75% are not white by official South African definition.

Two Worlds of Catholicism

POPE PAUL's trip was a journey to not one world but two. Australia and Asia are divided by more than the geographers' distinction of continents. They are antipodal cultures, the polar extremes that Roman Catholicism must somehow embrace under the same mantle. Australia is the Eastern archetype of much that is new, aggressive and materialistic in Western culture. Asia, comfortable with its own ancient religions, is the far older challenge. It is also an opportunity that Roman Catholicism—ritually more attractive to Asians than Protestantism—has in the past seriously bungled. Of the continent's estimated 2 billion people, only some 58 million—about 3%—are Christians, some 44 million of those Roman Catholics.

During the 16th and 17th century missionary campaigns in Asia, several of the early Jesuit efforts were impressively productive. In China, Father Matteo Ricci put on the dress of a Confucian scholar and won widespread respect both for his scientific expertise and for the wisdom of Catholic teaching. In India, Father Roberto de Nobili assumed the saffron robes and vegetarian diet of a Hindu sannyasi, or holy man. He used the Hindu vedas to teach about Christ and won converts among the Brahmins themselves.

Ancestor Cult. Yet such early techniques rarely developed into policy. The Jesuit methods in China scandalized the rival Franciscans, who did not approve of such cultural accommodation. A century-long controversy developed around the "rites" issue—whether or not Chinese Christian converts could be permitted to retain their cult of ancestor veneration. When the Vatican finally decided against the Confucian rites, Catholic hopes in China shrank. Not until World War II did Pope Pius XII reverse that decision. When Pope Paul VI spoke admiringly of "the cult of ancestors" in his "Message to Asia" last week, it was a gesture more than two centuries too late.

Beyond such obvious clashes between traditions, Christianity has also suffered from its cultural identification with Western Europe and the U.S. Japanese Scholar Junyu Kitayama has observed that "in the West, God creates towers, churches and cities; in the East, mountains, rivers and gardens." The great Hindu poet Rabindranath Tagore suggested that the East produced a "whole man," the West only an "economic man." Indeed, despite missionaries' ability to find cultural accommodation with the East, Catholicism would still have faced stiff resistance. At root, Asian religion sees the individual as an inconsequential part of the cosmos, while Christianity emphasizes the uniqueness of the individual—a basic difference not easily overcome.

Many problems facing the church in Asian countries today stem as much from changing social and cultural con-

ditions as they do from traditional antinomies. In Ceylon, where the nation's 880,000 Roman Catholics constitute 7% of the population, the government's vigorous nationalization efforts since independence have worked against the church: all but a few dozen Catholic schools have had to close as the government has consolidated public education.

Who is the Pope? In the Philippines, despite considerable social concern among the younger Catholic clergy since World War II, the hierarchy, especially Rufino Cardinal Santos, is too closely identified with the Establishment. To a growing number of critics, the church is still the handmaiden of riches and privilege. On the other hand, there is a woeful shortage of priests (about one for every 7,000 Catholics), and the predominantly Catholic population remains largely unaware of many teachings of the faith. In a poll taken shortly before the Pope's visit, 60% of those interviewed did not know who the Pope was.

Australian Catholics—who number about one-fourth of the population—face problems that are far more contemporary but no less painful. During the early postwar years, the church lost some prestige when hierarchy and laity split over the issue of Communist influence in the labor unions. Now the problem is Australia's restrictions on non-European immigration. Archbishop James R. Knox recently spoke out publicly against a "white Australia policy," but other Australians tend to worry about "importing" racial tensions.

Despite the problems facing the church in the Eastern Hemisphere, there are measurable gains. Prodigious Roman Catholic relief efforts in Hong Kong—second only to government efforts—have so impressed refugees in the Crown Colony that the number of Chinese Catholics there (247,000) approaches the total number on Taiwan. In all Asian countries, more and more members of both the clergy and the hierarchy are being successfully recruited from the local population. Nowhere except in Communist China does the church face official persecution, and in some places it receives unexpected encouragement. Though progress is slow in Moslem Indonesia (about 2,000,000 Catholics out of a population of 120 million), missionary kindnesses to the late President Sukarno in his rebel days have long since paid off in a public policy that goes well beyond toleration: Catholic clerics may even teach religion, in any of the schools, on government salaries.

The question remains whether the Vatican can woo a far tougher opponent: China's Mao Tse-tung. In recent years, Pope Paul has delicately noted that the church favors the "just expression" of social changes in China, but Mao has been slow to reply. The land once so open to Matteo Ricci remains for the moment incontestably closed.



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SCIENCE

A Matter of Life

The rock was only lukewarm when it was picked up in a field near the southern Australia town of Murchison last year. By last week, it had become the hottest sensation in the scientific world. After carefully examining a chunk of the meteorite, NASA scientists reported that it contains the strongest evidence ever found that the chemical precursors of life can evolve elsewhere in the universe.

That evidence was in the form of 17 different amino acids found in the meteorite and identified by a team led by Ceylonese-born Cyril Ponnamperna, 47. Significantly, half a dozen of those ami-

NASA—AMES RESEARCH CENTER



PONNAMPERNA WITH METEORITE
Proof in the lefthanded twist.

no acids are among the 20 or so that are the building blocks of proteins—and thus of all terrestrial organisms. Convinced of the discovery's importance, the NASA team boldly asserted that it is "probably the first conclusive proof of extraterrestrial chemical evolution."

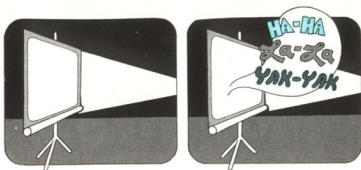
Mirror Image. The NASA scientists are not the first to report finding amino acids in meteorites, which are believed to be fragments from the thousands of asteroids that circle the sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. But previous claims have invariably been discredited because the amino acids were suspected to be of terrestrial origin; they could easily have contaminated the meteorites during or after their plunge through the earth's atmosphere. Even Ponnamperna, a highly respected exobiologist (extraterrestrial biologist) at NASA's Ames Research Center in California, admits that only a thumbprint on a beaker could introduce amino acids into a meteorite sample. But his conclusion about the Murchison meteorite is strongly buttressed by other impressive evidence.

Besides the various amino acids, Ponnamperna's team detected a greater

proportion of carbon 13 than would be present in earthly organic matter. It also found a mixture of hydrocarbons curiously like that produced in experiments simulating the conditions of a primitive planetary atmosphere. The most compelling evidence was the nature of the amino acids themselves. Ever since Louis Pasteur's day, chemists have known that the atoms of organic compounds like amino acids can be assembled in two ways—one a mirror image of the other. Yet except for those made artificially, most amino-acid molecules found on earth have a "lefthanded" configuration; that is, beams of polarized light passed through them are rotated slightly to the left. When the NASA scientists examined the meteorite's amino acids, however, they discovered an almost equal division of left- and righthanded molecules. Thus, they concluded, it is highly unlikely that the amino acids could have been picked up in the atmosphere or in subsequent handling.

Coming only a short time after astronomers detected signs of such other organic compounds as methyl alcohol in giant clouds in the distant reaches of interstellar space, the meteorite findings add to the growing conviction that life may be more the rule than the exception elsewhere in the universe. They also may upset the accepted timetable for the initial stirrings of life on earth. In the traditional view, genesis occurred in the primordial seas several hundred million years after the earth's formation when random molecules of methane, ammonia, water and hydrogen accidentally came together, combined into amino acids and eventually gave rise to self-replicating proteins. If the new evidence is upheld, it would seem more likely that amino acids already existed when the earth and other parts of the solar system—including the asteroids—were born 4.5 billion years ago.

Pleased as they were by Ponnamparuma's report, NASA officials also had reason for embarrassment last week. After many months of preparation, the space agency launched its largest unmanned scientific satellite—a 4,680-lb. lab called Orbiting Astronomical Observatory B, designed to scan the heavens above the obscuring blanket of the earth's atmosphere. But as the \$83.5 million package sped aloft from Cape Kennedy, the upper stage of the Atlas-Centaur carrier rocket failed to shed its protective fiberglass nose. The result was a rocketeer's nightmare: saddled with an extra ton of weight, the payload—including a powerful 38-in. telescope—failed to achieve orbital velocity and was apparently incinerated when it plunged back into the atmosphere over the Indian Ocean. To make matters worse, the mishap came only three weeks after the U.S. failed to put a missile-warning satellite into proper orbit over the U.S.S.R. and China. Total cost of the two flops: \$145 million.



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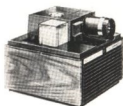
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MILESTONES

Married. George Sanders, 64, the suave of Hollywood villains (*Death of a Scoundrel*); and Magda Gabor, fifty-ish, sometime actress and sister of Zsa Zsa, who divorced Sanders 16 years ago; he for the fourth time, she for the fifth; in a civil ceremony in Indio, Calif. Said Mama Jolie Gabor: "He just wanted to get back in the family. He missed me. I always liked George, but when a son-in-law comes back, I really like it."

Died. Ruth Law Oliver, 83, pioneer aviatrix, the first woman to loop the loop in a plane, the holder of numerous speed and distance records, notably with her 680-mile flight from Chicago to Hornell, N.Y., and star of Ruth Law's Flying Circus in the early 1920s; in San Francisco.

Died. Fritz von Unruh, 85, German dramatist, novelist and poet famed in the 1920s for his outspoken opposition to militarism; of a stroke; in Diez, Germany. Unruh's moving description of the battle of Verdun in *Way of Sacrifice* became classic testimony to the cruelty of war. A founder of several anti-Hitler organizations and delegate in the Reichstag during the Weimar Republic, Unruh was a staunch anti-Nazi and went into voluntary exile, first in France, then in the U.S., refusing Hitler's offer to make him "the modern Schiller." Upon returning home in 1948, he spoke as a voice of Germany's conscience, preaching that only personal acceptance of guilt could make up for the past.

Died. Dr. David de Sola Pool, 85, retired rabbi of New York City's Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue and a world leader of Judaism; of pneumonia; in Manhattan. Pool was one of three Americans on the Zionist Commission to Palestine in 1919; the next year he was in charge of the distribution of American funds to Jewish war victims in Palestine and Syria. An authority on the history of Jews in America, he made it his mission to promote understanding of their important role in settling the New World. In *Portraits Etched in Stone* (1952), he described the arrival of the first group: 23 persecuted Spanish and Portuguese Jews who fled from Brazil to New Amsterdam in 1654.

Died. Nina Ricci, 87, Paris couturière who founded the design house bearing her name; in Paris. Established in 1932, the house of Ricci quickly developed a reputation for graceful designs; then in the late 1950s, led the way with fashions featuring plunging necklines, fitted waists and belled skirts. By then, Ricci was also known for sensuous perfumes, but the unpretentious Mme. Ricci all the while maintained a low profile that made her the antithesis of her headline-making contemporary, Coco Chanel.

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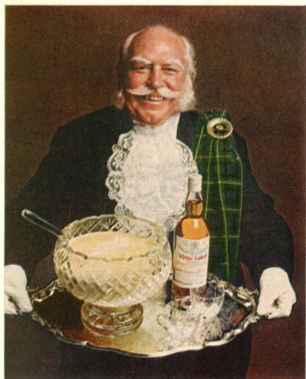
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EDUCATION

The College Depression

U.S. campuses face their "greatest crisis in the 330 years since the founding of Harvard," says Clark Kerr, head of the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education. The problem is not radical student protest; it is a radical shortage of money. Though academics have always made a practice of crying poverty, Kerr's commission last week issued a sobering report (the latest in a series of impressive campus analyses), which offered unusually specific evidence that the financial squeeze is getting worse.

In recent years at least 21 colleges and universities have gone out of business or been absorbed by larger ones. After two decades of expansion, the report estimates, 540 additional campuses are cutting back; 1,000 others may soon be forced to follow suit. In fact, about 77% of U.S. collegians now attend schools that are either "headed for trouble" or already "in financial difficulty." Moreover, these hard-pressed campuses include such eminent institutions as Berkeley, Harvard, Michigan and Stanford.

Outstripped Income. Based on an analysis of 41 representative private and public campuses (U.S. total: 2,500), the Carnegie study was directed by Dr. Earl F. Cheit, a Berkeley professor of business administration who once served as

Berkeley's executive vice chancellor. As Cheit explains it, the rising costs of recent improvements (better salaries, courses, scholarships, community service) have increasingly outstripped income from endowments, gifts, grants and Government aid.

Cheit found that some campuses still have the capacity to expand. Examples: Gulf Coast Junior College, Howard University and the University of North Carolina. The healthy institutions are chiefly those with modest salaries, scholarships, and research programs.

Slashed Quality. Many schools cited in the report have already protested that cutbacks have not hurt their academic quality. Indeed, the first casualties have been frills and amenities. Beloit has abolished its summer theater, Tulane its laundry and printing press. Many colleges have stopped washing their windows and trimming their hedges. Other reductions include questionable "institutes" and programs added by academic empire builders during the last decade's scramble for prestige. One possible gain: aloof researchers are being forced back into teaching. But some slashes may cut into academic quality.

St. Louis University has scrapped its schools of aeronautical science and dentistry, letting 40 faculty members go in the process; at Harvard, programs have shrunk in the schools of design, divin-

ity and education. Berkeley is doing without research institutes in social sciences and earthquakes; Tulane has dropped six graduate programs. Predominantly black Fisk is phasing out its Afro-American Institute. For every cutback mentioned in the report, says Cheit, there are many more at other institutions. Numerous schools are reducing urban-service programs, library books and scholarships for poor or minority-group students.

Cheit chides administrators for being overeager to keep up appearances and duck hard realities. Many of them, he says, are still not willing to organize their priorities on a systematic basis. But he makes it clear that universities have little control over inflation—not only in dollars, but also in knowledge and students (3,000,000 more by 1980).

The Carnegie Commission argues that the long-range answer lies in new Government help—for example, a "civilian G.I. Bill" subsidizing low-income students. This would allow both public and private campuses to charge more of the full costs of education without becoming retreats for the rich. Last spring the Nixon Administration proposed one version of such a plan, but congressional approval has been delayed by the preference of many state colleges for grants to institutions rather than students. Whatever the answer, says Cheit, the current trend is clear: most U.S. campuses face "serious problems of retrenchment and readjustment."

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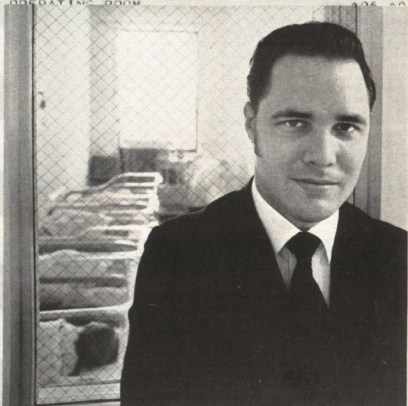
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DAILY ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLEBEGINNING ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE BALANCE, DISCHARGE
BEGINNING ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE BALANCE, IN-PATIENT

TOTAL BEGINNING ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE BALANCE

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TOTAL ADJUSTMENT DEBITS

TOTAL ADJUSTMENT CREDITS

ENDING ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE BALANCE, ALL PATIENTS

AND OUT-PATIENT ACCOUNTS
ACCOUNTS

664,349.31
34,544.55

718,893.86

| INPATIENT | TOTAL |
|-----------|----------|
| .00 | 2,966.00 |
| .00 | 80.00 |
| .00 | 152.50 |
| .00 | 496.40 |
| 188.00 | 198.50 |
| 139.82 | 930.22 |
| 37.50- | 143.00 |
| 409.50 | 1,819.50 |
| 12.50 | 2,324.00 |
| .00 | 175.00 |
| .00 | 292.50 |
| .00 | 272.00 |
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ART

Sudden Enlightenment

Of the many forms of Buddhism, the one best known in the West is Zen. Its guiding principles of inward meditation versus doctrine, of emphasis on the visceral and spontaneous as against the cerebral and structured, of inspiration rather than linear "logic," were seized on by the early beatniks, taken up by many of the young today, and were incorporated into the mystique of America's counterculture. But what kind of art did Zen provoke in China and Japan? In a brilliant show that took a year to assemble, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has provided a definitive survey of the course of Zen ideas and disciplines as reflected in Oriental art from the 13th to the 19th century. The result of long negotiation with the Jap-

TOKYO NATIONAL MUSEUM



LEGENDARY ZEN POETS

anese government, it includes several scrolls of such rarity that they are seldom exposed even in Japan.

To the casual gallerygoer, Zen art might not appear vastly different from classical Oriental art and indeed is customarily exhibited as part of its main body without special classification. In fact, Zen is distinctive for two reasons: 1) it was created largely by Zen monks, who did not consider themselves primarily artists, to illustrate a philosophical Zen concept; 2) it had to be done with maximum spontaneity. In Zen, as opposed to the controlled symmetries of scholarly painting, the inky brush splatters and runs on the paper in a kind of ecstatic exuberance—a sort of Oriental forerunner of action painting. The essence of Zen thought is *satori*—sudden enlightenment. It comes unpredictably; meditation prepares the artist, but guarantees nothing. One ancient monk, Yün-Mén, achieved *satori* when his teacher slammed a door on

his foot. Another, Wen-Shu Ssü-yeh, had it while butchering a pig, and celebrated the occasion in verse:

*Yesterday the heart of a bloodthirsty
Yaksa [demon],*

*Today the face of a Bodhisattva
[a prospective Buddha].*

*Between the Bodhisattva and the
Yaksa*

There is not a shred of difference.

This sense of revelation, bursting through the simplest acts and objects, was central to Zen art. A night heron, painted in the early 16th century by

COLLECTION OF YAMAWOTO KIYOSU, ASHURA



THUNDERBOLT SCROLL

The spirit lived.

Tan'an Chiden, is poised to whip a fish from a stream; the bird becomes a metaphor of the mind and its power to seize what is spiritually relevant. The monk Hakuin Ekaku meditated on a terrifying Buddhist deity and expressed that terror by simply "writing" the deity's name—the heavy strokes conveying a menace beyond what the ideograms spell out: "Blue-countenanced Bearer of the Thunderbolt." A swift sketch of two cackling women gets the inscription:

*Their entire life they wield the broom
to muddle up useless things*

*Where in the beginning there was
not even a speck of dust.*

The Zen distrust of theory and doc-

trine was summed up by Liang K'ai, an artist of the early 13th century, who captured in a few exquisitely jagged brush strokes an illiterate patriarch, howling with glee, tearing up a sutra, or sacred text. It is an Oriental parallel to St. Paul's remark that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

■ Robert Hughes

Patrons and Roped Climbers

In retrospect, the sturdy figure of Gertrude Stein looms over the cultural landscape of pre-World War I Paris like an old-fashioned radio—squat, massive, dark and droning out an endless stream of words. But if her words were sometimes tedious, her eye was seldom wrong. In fact, no American expatriate was a shrewder judge of Paris' radical new art. The Stein family, which came to be known as *les Américains*, made a powerful buying unit; it helped keep some of the best young artists in Europe alive. Gertrude's brother Leo (an aesthete of some pretension, some understanding and much enthusiasm) graduated to modern art via Cézanne, whose work he began to buy in 1904. Her second brother Michael concentrated on the paintings and bronzes of Henri Matisse. Gertrude herself liked Picasso and Juan Gris. "Americans can understand Spaniards," she wrote. "Cubism is a purely Spanish conception, and only Spaniards can be Cubists"—thus cheerfully disregarding Braque.

Dæmon of History. However eccentric Gertrude Stein's theories, the flat she shared with Leo at 27 Rue de Fleurus was a salon through which the best artists and writers in France passed each Saturday. Throughout their ten years together at Rue de Fleurus, Leo and Gertrude kept buying. One of their first major purchases was *Young Girl with Basket of Flowers*, a big blue-period Picasso nude for which they paid 150 francs (\$29). Soon Gertrude owned more early Picassos than anybody else in France. Picasso dashed off a small *Homage to Gertrude*, 1909, a parody of Baroque ceiling painting, complete with curtain, clouds and trumpeting angels, which she tacked to the ceiling above her bed. As time wore on, Gertrude came to think of Picasso as her spiritual brother. In 1913, Leo moved out, taking his favorite pictures with him. "Cézanne and Matisse," he noted sternly, "have permanently interesting qualities. Picasso might have had—if he had developed his gifts instead of exploiting those that he did not possess. The general situation of painting here is loathsome with its Cubico-futuristic tommyrotting." The Stein collection was further dispersed after the deaths of Leo and Gertrude. As a tribute to a vanished era, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art has temporarily brought it together again: it includes seven Cézannes, ten Gris, 75 Matisse and 110 Picassos.

Among the Picassos is the 1912 *Still Life*, a classic example of Cubico-fu-

Picassos from the Stein Collection



"Homage to Gertrude," 1909

"Two Women at a Bar," 1902



PAUL & DORIS STEIN COLLECTION

JOHN MARY WHITNEY COLLECTION



The Stein collection included classic cubist works like Picasso's "Still Life," 1912.

Cubists in Los Angeles



KUNSTSTUDIUM, BASEL

Léger: "Houses Among Trees," 1914



PRIVATE COLLECTION

Feininger's "Markwippach," 1917

Gris: "Portrait of Josette," 1916



THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



Georges Braque: "Harbor in Normandy," 1909

turistic tommyrotting. Leo, the man of taste, hated it; Gertrude, the illogical intuitive, loved it. Perhaps neither recognized that it represented a major change in human visual experience. Just how emphatic that change was can be seen in a huge retrospective of the history of Cubism opening this week at the Los Angeles County Museum.

If Picasso's early pictures of harlequins, whores and melancholy absinthe drinkers had never been painted, the history of modern art would show a slight gap—but its structure would be the same. It was only with the invention of Cubism that Picasso emerged as a daemon of history; in eight years, between 1906 and 1914, Picasso and Georges Braque changed the look and function of painted surfaces radically and forever. Ever since, modern art has tended to define itself in terms of Cubism,



GERTRUDE STEIN (1934)
An illogical intuitive.

either by what later artists developed out of the movement, or by their struggle to find a way past it.

The show in Los Angeles was organized by Art Historian Douglas Cooper, a major collector and close friend of Picasso, Braque and Léger. The movement, he argues, aimed to restore reality to art, to discover a way of representing "the solid tangible reality" of things. This sense of reality and tangibility, says Cooper, had been lost to French painting in the late 19th century, amid the theorizing of the Symbolists and the opalescent shimmers of Impressionism. In classical art the aim is to represent a real world; but in this trompe-l'oeil reality, the thing which is not real is the painting itself. The canvas dissolves and contradicts its own nature as a two-dimensional surface; it becomes a window opening on a view. The Cubists proposed to construct an undivided reality that would involve no such fictions: to put a tangible world on a flat, tangible surface.

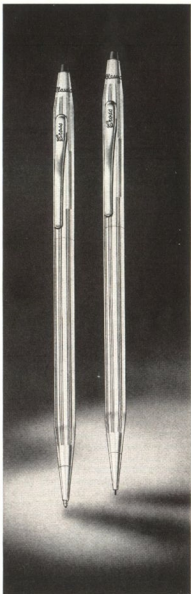
Buckled Planes. Thus, with incredible bravado, Picasso and Braque (neither had yet turned 30) set out to displace a history of visual representation that had lasted more than 500 years. Every element of art had to be rethought in terms of a new function—line, color, light, volume, space. Thus the solidity of the rocks, lighthouses and boats in Braque's *Harbor in Normandy*, 1909, is not achieved through light-and-shade modeling, still less by perspective; instead, each form begins to buckle into planes and projections, and every shape is evenly compressed against the eye. Even space, which in Renaissance tradition was basically a void, becomes an object, blue and dense and faceted.

Although Cubism had an immense latter-day effect on abstract painting, it was not abstraction, nor did it want to be. Even in Picasso's *Still Life*, 1912, which must have struck its first viewers as an incomprehensible assemblage of planes and lines, the viewer's eye is drawn deep into reality—captured first by the fragments of newsprint, then finding the stem and bowl of a glass, the edge of a table, the curve of a pipe.

The Cubists' subject matter was drawn from the life they lived as virtually penniless men—in studios, on the street, or swigging a *marc* at some café. The packet of cigarette papers in a Braque, the jug in a Juan Gris or the boxy village houses hemmed by bulging trees that Léger painted in 1914 could be taken for granted as subjects; their anonymity not only connected them to ordinary life but also focused a viewer's attention on what was happening within a new language of painting.

Roped Climbers. Cubism was the last classicism, the last successful attempt by art to discover a mode of looking at the world that could be "scientifically" applied, as method, to all visual experiences. Braque likened his relationship with Picasso to mountaineers on a rope. But each man had his own style of climbing. Any definition of Cubism has to include not only the suave, melodious painterliness of Braque and Picasso's thrusting energies, but also the cool, precise overlapping of such works by Gris as *Portrait of Josette*, 1916, where spatial ambiguities of positive and negative, the superimposition of transparent and opaque shapes, are played off against expectations of what a figure really "looks like." A painting like Lyonel Feininger's *Markwippach*, 1917, shows how far a minor artist could transcend his limits when the Cubist impetus played through them.

After 1920, neither Picasso nor Braque worked roped to each other, or to anyone else, again. The vocabulary remained rich and supple for them, more and more academic in other men's work. And though Cubism has been officially dead for 50 years, the issues it raised remain central to the fate of easel painting in our time. The best paintings it left have not been surpassed.



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TIME, DECEMBER 14, 1970



SOLDIERS BEING MUSTERED OUT
Shooting for a seven.

use his powers more directly and actively to battle wage and price rises.

Congressmen feel the popular discontent, and are increasingly crying for "leadership." Kansas Republican Senator James Pearson, for example, is acutely aware of high unemployment among his constituents, but he is unable to tell them what his party proposes to do about it. Says Pearson: "I think they have a policy line down there at the White House, but it is more a policy of what they are not going to do rather than a plan of what they are going to do." Adds Massachusetts Republican Senator Edward Brooke: "The economy is the political question now, and it will be the political question in 1972."

Fights on High

Rightly or wrongly, several of the G.O.P.'s defeated senatorial candidates—California's George Murphy, Illinois' Ralph Smith, Indiana's Richard Roudsbush—complained that they were done in by inflation and economic sluggishness. In his otherwise ebullient post-election meetings with his Cabinet and staff, the President conceded that the economy had without doubt hurt the G.O.P. in the mid-term elections. But he added: "The economy will be good in 1971, and we will have a strong upturn in 1972." In a memo sent around the country to Republican leaders after that meet-

ing, White House Counsellor Robert Finch quoted the President as saying: "1972 will be a boom year. The Republican Party will run on the Peace and Prosperity issues."

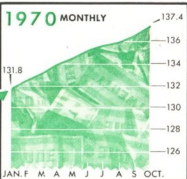
The Administration is torn by two unresolved conflicts. The first is whether to prod the economy quickly to achieve Nixon's goal of lowering unemployment to about 4% by mid-1972 or to pursue the game plan's goal of a slow advance in the hope that moderation will eventually curb inflation. The Council of Economic Advisers has been pressing for faster expansion. So have Republican politicians, who believe that the electorate is far more worried about unemployment than about inflation.

Nixon is sorely tempted to go all-out for full employment and accept whatever inflation may ensue. Some men close to him think he will yield to that temptation. Says a White House aide: "I will bet you that he will decide to put people to work and put money in their pockets, even if the money is not worth much." Wall Streeters are also betting on it. Largely in the belief that the President will opt for more daring expansion, they sent the Dow-Jones industrial average up 35 points last week

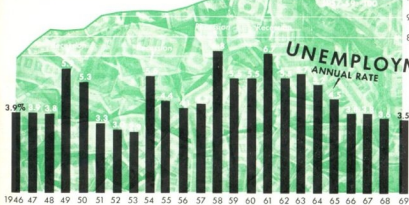
to 816, the highest since November 1969. Yet Nixon is still getting strong arguments, primarily from the Federal Reserve, that a full-employment drive will stir still more inflation, if not in 1971, then in 1972 and 1973—and inflation is also a gut issue.

That leads to the second conflict. It centers on incomes policy—some type of presidential attempt to set limits for unions and companies to observe in raising wages and prices. Nixon is under increasing pressure from businessmen, foreign central bankers and some of his own Government colleagues, notably Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, to adopt an incomes policy. But he is also being counseled—particularly by George Shultz, the Office of Management and Budget director, who has become the most influential economic adviser in the Administration—that an

COST OF LIVING



UNEMPLOYMENT ANNUAL RATE





EXECUTIVES AT LUNCH
And sweet and sour Spam.

incomes policy would interfere with the Republicans' almost theological belief in free markets.

Last week Administration officials launched a carefully orchestrated publicity campaign designed to assure the public that the President has the economic situation well in hand. In rapid succession:

► Nixon called in A.F.L.-C.I.O. Chief George Meany for a private chat with himself and Shultz. Conscious of Meany's effective attacks on the Administration's economic policies during the election campaign, Nixon assured him that the White House has the concern of the workingman at heart. The President said that he had decided to opt for economic expansion and full employment, in the knowledge that this would produce budget deficits both this fiscal year and next. The following day, however, Nixon called in Senator Brooke and told him that he would persevere in the policies that the White House has been following for two years—that is, fighting inflation largely by restricting federal spending.

► The Council of Economic Advisers issued an "inflation alert" that was widely advertised as a "pinpointed" assault on specific wage and price hikes. In fact, it was mostly a dull compilation of statistics, combined with general preachments. Sample: "The community as a whole cannot make itself richer by raising prices and wages more rapidly." The report drew attention to recent oil and auto price increases, but pulled its punch by declining to judge "their justification (or lack thereof)." In a press conference, CEA Chairman Paul McCracken indicated that the Administration is still basically relying on the conviction, hope or prayer that the business slide some day, somehow will cause retail prices to rise less rapidly. In addition, it is hoping that any price pause would last even if the economy were pushed again into vigorous expansion. ► Obviously inspired newspaper stories appeared, reflecting the view of the Council of Economic Advisers. The sto-

ries said that the Administration was aiming for a phenomenal 8% real growth in gross national product next year v. a small decline this year. More remarkably, this was to be achieved along with a continued decline in the rate of inflation. Meanwhile, the budget would be in balance. The Administration, however, was referring not to the official budget that most people pay attention to, but to the so-called full-employment budget. This does not measure the real world but an ideal one: the full-employment budget calculates the amount of revenues that the Government would collect if the economy were at full employment. If these theoretical revenues equal the Government's expenditures, then the full-employment budget is considered balanced. But the official budget could be—and almost certainly will be—in deficit.

To an economic sophisticate, the Administration's prediction of fast growth, slow inflation and a balance in the full-employment budget is about as likely a combination as a pickle-flavored ice cream that smells like Chanel No. 5. Even worse, such thinking could touch off a bitter battle between the Administration and the Federal Reserve. Making the growth forecast come true would require the board to expand the nation's money supply by around 10% annually, or double its target rate for this year. Arthur Burns and his fellow Federal Reserve governors have no intention of pumping out that much money; they fear that it would be highly inflationary.

► The President himself climaxed the campaign with a confident speech at week's end to the National Association of Manufacturers in Manhattan. He pledged a "new prosperity"—a phrase that will be an inviting target for Democratic critics if he does not deliver. He promised a budget that "will be responsible in holding down inflation and responsive in encouraging expansion"—a line that could be stretched to cover almost anything he decides. He pointed, correctly, to such indications of an im-



SEATTLE'S KILCOYNES WITH DRIFTWOOD
Running out of ways to cook chicken.

proving economy as declining interest rates and rising housing starts.

The President also announced two specific moves toward restraining inflation. First, he directed the Interior Department to take over from state regulatory bodies the responsibility for setting production quotas in federally owned offshore oilfields, with the hope of increasing oil supplies and thus moderating recent price boosts. That move will be effective only if the states do not counter it by cutting production quotas in state-owned offshore fields. The President also increased the import quotas for Canadian oil.

Second, Nixon ordered the little-known Construction Industry Collective Bargaining Commission to try to induce labor and management in the building trades to do their bargaining on a regional instead of a local basis. If that works, it will be a beneficial step; construction unions have been able to force inflationary settlements on small local contractors by picking them off one by one. Whether it will work, however, is open to doubt.

The Key Figures

Taken together, the various pronouncements during the week suggested that the President hopes somehow to reconcile the contradictory objectives of fast expansion in the economy and marked slowdown in inflation. The big test will come in the proposed fiscal 1972 budget, which will be announced in January. By traditional standards, the new budget will be deeply in deficit. The current fiscal year's deficit is estimated to be about \$15 billion, mostly because tax revenues have fallen far short of original estimates.

It would take an astonishing rebound

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in business to produce enough revenue to bring the official 1972 budget into balance. The key figures are full-employment revenues for fiscal 1972, which are estimated at about \$230 billion. If the Administration proposes to spend less than that, it will signal an intention to give only moderate stimulus to the economy. If it announces plans to spend \$230 billion or more, it will be going all out for expansion.

Budget-drafting sessions are in progress now, but the President has given them little personal attention. They are being presided over by Budget Director Caspar ("Cap the Knife") Weinberger, who so far has relayed only the usual presidential orders for departments to slash their initial spending requests. "The only known decision," confides one budget aide, "is the color of the cover. It will be blue. It should be red."

Doing Without

Nixon and his advisers are grappling with the most torturing problem of modern economics: How can a nation keep prices down while keeping employment up? No advanced industrial society has yet found a satisfactory answer to the question. A report prepared for the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, a 22-nation group of Western European countries plus the U.S., Canada and Japan, estimates that the price level in most member countries will rise at least 5% this year. Europeans commonly fear that the American price spiral will aggravate their own inflations. Says Economist Jean Marcel Jeanneney, a former Cabinet minister in the De Gaulle government: "If the U.S., which until now has been the world pole of relative price stability, is afflicted with chronic annual inflation of more than 6%, it is to be feared that the whole Western world will be pulled along." He adds, echoing many European economists: "I can see little sign that the U.S. Government is pursuing a well-defined or coherent policy against inflation."

In the U.S., the rising cost of almost everything has hurt almost everyone. For some people, a pullback in the family budget has meant only forgoing little luxuries; for others, it has meant cutting down on milk for the children, or making an agonizing choice between sending a son to college or maintaining a parent in a decent home for the aged. The rising cost of living bears down most heavily on the needy aged. Making do on little more than Social Security incomes that average about \$117.22 per person a month, many must keep to their rooms simply because they cannot afford 30¢ to 60¢ fares to travel around town. Sister Agnes Ann Gardt, parish visitor for Denver's Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, often finds elderly persons sitting in the dark to save electricity and existing on a diet of coffee, cookies and hamburgers.

Young people are also especially vulnerable to inflation. Often they cannot

get jobs with their new degrees, and must postpone plans to marry. The traditional genteel poverty of many a university instructor has slipped to the subsistence level. One Harvard teaching fellow is trying to support his wife and infant on a \$1,500 grant, plus a loan and some parental help. The couple has bought neither new clothes nor furniture in more than a year and, says the young man, "my wife has already ex-



HAMMURABI WITH PART OF CODE
The undoing of empires.

hausted the available ways of cooking chicken." John Kilcoyne, a research assistant at the University of Washington, has decided not to buy any Christmas presents this year. He and his wife Joan are combing Puget Sound for driftwood to turn into candle holders and mobiles for gifts.

Americans are learning again how to make do—and do without. Denver wives are passing around the questionable tip that a 35¢ can of vegetable shortening works just as well as expensive cold cream for removing makeup. Newspapers are filled with advice columns on how to beat inflation (do your own sewing, shop for advertised food specials). Martha Patton of the Chicago *Daily News* recently advised her readers, "Never market when hungry." Hunt-Wesson Foods offered a cost-paring booklet of recipes called "We'll Help You Make It"—and got 805,000 mail requests. Only half jokingly, some Manhattanites stage "Beat-Inflation" parties, at which the menus consist of specialties devised in the days of World War II rationing: canned tomato soup and cheese on Ritz crackers or sweet and sour Spam.

Expensive restaurants are sparsely populated; at night one of the two dining rooms in Manhattan's Four Seasons is completely empty. Street-corner hot dog stands are enjoying a revival, and some of their best customers are executives whose expense accounts have been chopped. Many families have simply given up trying to cope. Between

July and October, there were 63,600 personal bankruptcies, up 14% from the equivalent period last year.

Many Americans are doubly victimized, both by inflation and the battle against it, which has led to layoffs. The new unemployment has struck particularly hard at those least accustomed to it: clerks, technicians, management trainees, and even executives of the mostly white middle class. Unemployment lines bulge with not only out-of-work laborers but also veteran \$20,000-and-up scientists and engineers, particularly in centers of advanced technology like Southern California, the Pacific Northwest and Boston.

Beyond economics, the deeper prob-



PROFESSOR PHILLIPS IN CANBERRA
There is no painless way.

lem is that rapid inflation corrodes society. It punishes thrift, rewards fast-buck speculators, and produces a classic might-makes-right situation in which those who have economic muscle can protect themselves. Meanwhile, the unorganized—pensioners, welfare recipients and consumers generally—suffer. Eventually, inflation stirs contempt for the government that issues worthless money.

Inflation today is particularly dangerous. Herbert Giersch, professor at West Germany's Kiel University, gives this reason: "If the currency of a country is not worth what the bank says it is worth, the entire social structure begins to suffer from a lack of credibility. Given the skeptical attitude of the younger generation toward society, inflation unchecked could lead to a very dangerous ethical radicalism." At the extreme, some thinkers fear that persistent inflation could open the way to fascism in some countries. Says British Historian

Arnold Toynbee: "The Nazi type is the man in the middle, squeezed and squeezed—one of those who cannot join in the [inflationary] rat race and is pushed down, pushed down."

The Devilish Truth

Far from being a new malaise, inflation is almost as old as man's written records. The Babylonian Code of Hammurabi (circa 2000 B.C.), which was the world's first known detailed system of law, contained regulations on payments and measures for grain and other products that added up to a form of price control. But when wealthy classes accumulated great quantities of gold at times when consumer goods were scarce, inflation struck. Unemployment also existed in the ancient world. In the Egypt of the Pharaohs, and later in the Roman Empire, the slavery rate filled the place of the jobless rate today, as workers who could not pay their debts sold themselves into servitude. There was some evidence that inflation and unemployment were correlated. Fragmentary records indicated that slavery would rise toward the end of an inflationary period. Inflation that drove men into slavery contributed to the downfall of Greek democracy and the Roman Empire.

The modern citizen-worker-consumer-voter demands two things: steady employment and reasonably stable prices. Industrial societies have achieved each of them separately, but never both together for any length of time. In 1958 a professor at the London School of Economics, Alban W. Phillips, published a study pointing out precisely that wages and prices rise rapidly whenever unemployment goes down. He drew curves, which have since become known as "Phillips Curves," to chart the rates of wage and price increases that accompanied a particular rate of joblessness. Phillips recalls that leftist academics regarded him "as a kind of devil" for suggesting that inflation subsided only when unemployment rose. Today, Phillips'



WEINBERGER (LEFT) & SHULTZ AT WORK ON BUDGET
Color it red.

devilish idea is widely, though far from universally accepted. Economists differ as to whether full employment inevitably must be inflationary, as Phillips believes, but most agree that so far, in practice, it has been inflationary.* The reasons are unclear even to the economists, but they offer a rough explanation.

Every industrial nation, they say, has a kind of "trigger-point" rate of unemployment. Whenever unemployment falls below that rate for any length of time, inflation roars up. In the U.S. the trigger-point rate is about 4½% unemployment. Half of the 4½% consists of mobile workers: people who have quit jobs to look for better ones, workers temporarily laid off from seasonal jobs, and so on. The other half consists of marginal workers: the untrained and unskilled, including ghetto residents as well as housewives and teen-agers looking for temporary or part-time jobs. Marginal workers are hired only if the Government pours enough money into the economy to generate demand so hectic

that businessmen put almost any warm body on the payroll. That level of demand fulfills the prescription for inflation: too much money chasing too few goods. It also causes employers to bid high to hire workers away from one another, and to stockpile people who have skills. The new workers in the beginning do not produce enough to justify their wage; veteran workers tend to slough off and slow down, figuring that they will not be fired. All this raises employers' costs. They kick up prices, and encounter little resistance. Since jobs are plentiful and incomes high, consumers are willing to pay almost any price.

Hyperbolic Illusion

Once the spiral starts, it develops a self-accelerating momentum. Union members, dismayed by the extent to which inflation eats away their pay gains, clamor for ever fatter wage increases. Businessmen borrow with abandon to build bigger inventories and more factories than they need, figuring that everything will cost more tomorrow. When this "inflationary psychology" takes hold, only drastic action can break it.

The idea that unemployment is necessary to curb inflation is often regarded by politicians as too shocking to be uttered out loud. During the 1968 campaign, Richard Nixon promised to stop inflation while throwing exactly three Americans out of work—the three members of Lyndon Johnson's Council of Economic Advisers. That partisan hyperbole encouraged the illusion that inflation can be stopped painlessly. It cannot. Whatever else the Government does, it must tighten spending and credit policies in order to wring excess demand out of the economy. Removing the excess inevitably bounces the marginal workers back onto the streets again.

Even that does not solve the inflation problem. A solution requires still an extra degree of unemployment and economic slack—enough to make the most skilled workers fear loss of their jobs if they demand higher wages and to make employers pale at the thought of the markets they will lose if they raise prices. In the U.S. the degree of

* Phillips, now 56 and a professor in Canberra, Australia, may become a victim of the process that he described. Incapacitated by a stroke, he will retire to his native New Zealand—on a pension that, he sadly observes, will not increase as the economy inflates.

TIME's Board of Economists

THIS story was prepared with the aid of TIME's Board of Economists, which met last week with the editorial staff for an analysis of inflation, unemployment and related topics. Members of the board speak as individuals, not as representatives of the institutions with which they are associated. The members:

OTTO ECKSTEIN, a Harvard professor and former member (1964-66) of the Council of Economic Advisers.
DAVID GROVE, vice president and chief economist at IBM.

WALTER HELLER, professor of economics at the University of Minnesota, former chairman (1961-64)

of the Council of Economic Advisers.
ROBERT NATHAN, head of Robert R. Nathan Associates, Washington, D.C., economic consulting firm.

ARTHUR OKUN, a senior fellow of the Brookings Institution, former chairman (1968) of the Council of Economic Advisers.

JOSEPH PECHMAN, tax authority and director of economic studies at the Brookings Institution.

BERYL SPRINKEL, senior vice president and economist, Harris Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago.

ROBERT TRIFFIN, international monetary expert, economics professor and master of Berkeley College at Yale.

economic slack required is proving considerably larger than anyone had expected. Prices continue to rise even though almost a fourth of the nation's factory capacity is idle.

Why? Paradoxically, inflation has been aggravated by the long-range planning of business and labor, which has traditionally been viewed as a great aid to economic stability. Alan Greenspan, a Manhattan economist who has advised President Nixon, notes that the average length of union contracts has increased from two years in the late 1950s to two years and nine months now. Inflationary contracts signed in 1969 and earlier this year will continue pushing up costs in 1971 and 1972.

Nobel Laureate Paul Samuelson identifies another source of trouble: the power of unions and companies that makes them largely independent of market pressures. To take an egregious example, unemployment among aerospace engineers—or even hardhats—does not affect the behavior of the monopolistic construction unions, which rigidly control access to jobs and concentrate on seeing to it that any of their members who remain at work are well paid. Similarly, Samuelson notes, the law of supply and demand does not exert the same effect on giant companies that it once did on small producers in a simpler economy.

Inflation has also been fired up by the growing economic importance of the service trades. Wages in the services tend to keep pace with manufacturing wages, but service productivity does not. It is much harder to increase the output of a fireman or hospital attendant than of a steelworker. In addition, it takes a severe slowdown in the economy to reduce demand for services. A family can put off buying a new car but not the renewal of insurance policies on its old auto.

The Magic Seven

Is there any way that an advanced industrial society can keep from constantly ricocheting between the perils of inflation and unemployment? Some scholars think not, at least not without the most draconian action. John Kenneth Galbraith has become the voice of despair. He insists that, given the power of unions and companies to keep a wage-price spiral going even in a dragging economy, inflation can be curbed only by clamping on permanent wage-price controls.

In fact, there are other choices. The tension between inflation and unemployment cannot be solved in the absolute sense of attaining either a zero rate of joblessness or a zero rate of price hikes, let alone both together. Still, the U.S. could take a number of steps that hold some hope of reducing both. The goal might be set at 4% unemployment and 3% inflation. That would add up to 7%, which, as economists note, would be exceedingly good—far better than October's jarring 12.8% total for the two.

The first step would be to establish

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CONSTRUCTION WORKERS IN MANHATTAN
Above the law of supply and demand.

an incomes policy that would stop far short of Galbraith's controls. Administration officials argue that incomes policy has never worked anywhere. They point out that Britain's Tory government is abolishing the Labor-created National Board for Prices and Incomes. In addition, Canada's Price and Incomes Commission announced last week that it would abandon the wage-price guidelines that it had been trying to induce business and labor to follow. Even some liberal economists tend to be skeptical of such experiments. "A young man might win himself a Nobel Prize for developing a workable incomes policy," says Paul Samuelson.

Actually, both the Canadian and British boards had some success. The main lesson of foreign experience is that governments often undermine their own incomes policies by pouring too much money into the economy—but that incomes policy combined with moderate-to-strict fiscal and monetary policies can have an influence. The O.E.C.D. recently concluded that incomes policies usually help restrain inflation for a year or two. That might be just what the U.S. needs to get through the difficult transition period when excess demand no longer exists but the wage-price spiral is whirling on its own.

At last week's TIME Board of Economists meeting, Arthur Okun proposed an incomes policy. The President, he said, should appoint a commission of distinguished citizens to spend six months consulting with labor leaders,

corporate chiefs and consumer groups in order to work out equitable and non-inflationary guidelines for wage and price behavior. During those six months, the President would ask all businesses to refrain from increasing prices and all labor leaders who are negotiating contracts to take perhaps a 5% interim wage boost and keep the contracts open for final negotiation when the guidelines come out. If even partially accepted, the policy would brake the inflationary momentum. When the guidelines were finally promulgated, the atmosphere would be different. The incomes board or the President himself would have to follow up, rousing public opinion by pointing an accusing finger at companies and unions that violated the guidelines. In some cases, other pressure might be required—such as sale of materials from the Government's strategic stockpiles.

"The President has to talk tough to big business and big labor," says Walter Heller, another former CEA chairman. "He has to tell them that those who are using their market power to gouge the public through unwarranted wage and price boosts have got to stop. He has to let the nation have some idea of what 'unwarranted' means. Unless he defines sin and identifies the sinners, how can he mobilize public opinion against the decisions that keep the price-wage spiral turning?" Nixon seems ideologically opposed to such direct intervention. Says Arthur Okun: "A Democratic Senator told me that while economists keep advocating incomes policy, they are just asking a crow to make music. This President can't sing."

Pleas for Guidance

Still, the atmosphere for presidential activism is much more favorable now than it would have been a year ago. Many businessmen have been so shocked by the persistence of inflation that they are all but pleading for guidelines. Labor's official position is that it will accept wage guidelines only if there are also guidelines not only on prices but on profits, dividends and rents. Some union leaders talk differently in private. Economist Robert Nathan, a consultant to many union chiefs, says that they often concede that the wage increases they demand are inflationary. But without some Government definition of acceptable wage hikes, they have no argument that impresses their militant members.

Another vitally needed step is a move toward freer trade. International competition is one of the most effective anti-inflationary forces. It not only offers consumers access to inexpensive imports, but promotes price moderation in the domestic industries that feel the foreign competition. The U.S. right now is moving in exactly the opposite direction. The House has passed a bill that will impose quotas on textiles and shoes and set up a mechanism that would permit quotas or higher tariffs on at least 125


other products. The Senate Finance Committee last week approved some changes that would make the bill even more protectionist. Nixon should urge his Senate followers to reject the bill and veto it if it passes. Beyond that, the U.S. ought to scrap its existing statutory quota on oil imports and the so-called "voluntary" quota on steel. These are a particular absurdity now that the U.S. fears a winter fuel shortage and steelmakers will soon enter wage negotiations whose outcome could be highly inflationary.

For the Long Haul

Longer range, the Administration should launch a determined campaign to increase productivity. A vast expansion of manpower-training programs could reduce the inflationary effect of full employment by making the unemployed more productive when they are hired. The Government could try much harder to smash the many inflationary bottlenecks in the economy. The construction field is filled with them, from union restrictions on the entry of workers to local building codes that prohibit use of the best techniques and thus hold back productivity. Some of these restrictions could be broken by new federal legislation, some by vigorous pressure on unions and local authorities. Nixon hinted last week that he might exert such pressure. The billions that the Federal Government spends in assisting local construction provide a powerful lever.

The Government could profitably re-examine its own operations. An obvious place to begin is with repeal of the federal enabling legislation that empowers states to enforce the Fair Trade acts, which allow manufacturers to set minimum retail prices for their products. Beyond that, the Committee for Economic Development has recommended that Nixon set up a special agency to act as a sort of anti-inflationary ombudsman within the federal establishment. It would examine and report on the likely price impact of every proposed new federal subsidy, regulatory act or spending program. This agency would not necessarily oppose new spending. Stepped-up federal assistance for the building of medical schools, for example, could ease the highly inflationary shortage of doctors.

Many of the steps would take a long time to pay off, and they would meet furious opposition from special interests. The intensity of the opposition is a measure of how deeply an inflationary bias has been built into the economy. Yet today's unsettled, impatient America is weary of inflation, unwilling to accept excessive unemployment and eager to try new ways out of the dilemma. Not even the experts feel confident that they can resolve the conflict between stable prices and steady jobs, but they argue persuasively that the time has come for the world's richest nation to experiment and see what it can do.



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ECLIPSE FROM "ATLAS"

Ruben's Life of Marie de Medici by Jacques Thuillier. 158 pages, plus 108 color pages. Abrams. \$125. In 1622 history's richest and most lavish painter was retained by the vainest and most powerful woman in France to create an appropriate tribute to herself. The result—more than a score of enormous panels—now fills a whole room of the Louvre. There visitors are free to ramble past acres of pearly, naked flesh and hectares of jewels and velvet, observing Marie, attended by nymphs, monsters, peacocks, courtiers, gods, satyrs and angels, as she makes a near mythological progress from a shaky Italian girlhood to the role of Queen Regent for Louis XIII. This huge book—the year's most fabulous—acquaints the reader with the history and shows off the art far better than any number of visits to the Louvre.

Norman Rockwell: Artist and Illustrator by Thomas S. Buechner. 328 pages, Abrams. \$75. After 317 covers for the *Saturday Evening Post*, plus countless ads for everything from varnish to the Boy Scouts, Norman Rockwell is enshrined—in the U.S. at least—as "the best-known artist who ever lived." He is certainly the chronicler of one American dream, with its gawky Huck Finns, jolly G.I.s, laundered blacks and apple-cheeked mothers in bifocals; its flags, turkeys, sneakers and little clapboard banks. Today Rockwell's America may seem almost as distant as Thomas More's Utopia, but this sumptuous tome pleasurably suggests why his genre pieces, painterly apple-pie to the last brush stroke, defined a whole area of solid comfort and nostalgic self-esteem.

The Works of Vincent van Gogh by J.B. de la Faille. Illustrated. 701 pages. Reynal. \$55. Rather than yet another mindless Van Gogh blockbuster, this is the first *catalogue raisonné* of his work. Every known painting, drawing and sketch Van Gogh did is catalogued and pictured, along with any description or comments on the work that he may have made. If all this sounds drab and scholarly, it is also cleansing and restorative to the eye.

Impressionists and Impressionism by Maria and Godfrey Blunden. 238 pages. Skira. \$50. This is a big year for Impressionists, and this is the year's biggest Impressionist plethora of useful notes and quotations, and a highly readable narrative text that is particularly good at recreating the sights and slurs of the salon and world against which the Impressionists rebelled.

\$26 to \$35

As the Eye Moves . . . a Sculpture by Henry Moore. Photographs by David Finn; Words by Donald Hall. 160 pages. Abrams. \$35. One hundred and thirty-one ways of looking at a bronze—in this case, Henry Moore's *Three Piece Reclining Figure No. 2: Bridge Prop*. Finn's fine photographs explore masses,

probe patinas, present perspectives, titillate with textures. Poet Hall's words are blessedly brief. Their joint aim is to educate the eye. A splendid book for Moore fanciers. For others, the year's richest example of cultural overkill.

The Art of the Japanese Screen by Elise Grilli. Illustrated. 275 pages. Walker. \$35. Since Japanese temples and houses have only one stationary wall, magnificent screens are their equivalent of murals. Unlike Western muralists, who aim for massive compositions, the Japanese strive for lightness and flexibility. As this richly illustrated volume shows, they achieved marvels of air and motion in a fluid style that relies totally on brilliant color and design.

The Great Age of Fresco: Discoveries, Recoveries and Survivals. Millard Meiss. 251 pages. Braziller. \$30. Thirteenth century Italian painters were apt to reckon fresco-painting the highest art, because of its difficulty and permanence. Today, menaced by polluted air, damp, neglect, and decay, the walls of Renaissance Italy hold in their friable plaster some of the greatest monuments to faith and beauty ever painted. This book provides a popular guided tour to many of them with Art Historian Millard Meiss as cicerone. Watchful, urbane, provocative and wearing his scholarship lightly, he has written brief essays on more than 100 major wall paintings, ranging 400 years from Giotto's fresco-cycle in Assisi to a radiant Tiepolo ceiling in Udine.

The Atlas of the Universe by Patrick Moore, O.B.E. 272 pages. Rand McNally. \$29.95. Thanks to astronaut-photographers and an inspired display of informative graphic devices, this book is an art gallery of the many faces of the universe. The moon section seems a bit pale and familiar, but those on the sun, earth and stars are feasts of bright color spaced with small but meaty helpings of text. The Central Sahara, for example, is transformed by orbital photography from a cartographic void to a flaming, rippling sunset sea.

The Bible: History and Culture of a People, A Pictorial Narration by Erich Lessing. 307 pages. Herder & Herder. \$29.50. Erich Lessing writes with his camera. In *Ulysses*, he evoked Homer's wine-dark seas and siren shores in color photographs occasionally akin to poetry. In *The Bible*, he does much the same for the Old Testament. Many subjects are archaeological artifacts, rendered with the composition and color of a still-life oil. Other scenes are familiar to the ear but startling to the eye: particularly the shimmering, flame-red "burning bushes" on the desert of Midian. The message of Lessing's visions: Yahweh lived.

Picasso's Third Dimension by Gjon Mili. 183 pages. Triton. \$27.50. These days any product of the Picasso industry should be approached with skepticism. But Photographer Mili concentrates on Picasso's sculptures, collages and constructions, and keeps his critical comments

and name-dropping memories of the master brief, clever and pointed. He has produced an unexpected small miracle: a Picasso book that seems fresh and perhaps even necessary.

Diary of a Century by Jacques Henri Lartigue. Viking. \$27.50. Accomplished Dilettante Lartigue was given his first camera in 1901 at age seven, and immediately began to illustrate his diary. He is still at it. Son of a rich Parisian banker, but above all child of an ebullient and optimistic age, Lartigue recorded the expensive frolics of his family and friends—auto racing, glider flying, womanizing. With rare charm, he also caught the nostalgic flavors and spicy fashions of seven decades—from pleated cascades of ankle-length silk in the Bois de Boulogne (1904) to the rayon trickle of miniskirts on Carnaby Street (1968). One of the graphic confections of the year.

The Kingdom of the Horse by H.H. Isenbart & E.M. Bühner. 303 pages. C.J. Bucher and TIME-LIFE Books. \$26.95. Quite simply the ultimate horse book.

\$20 to \$25

Micro-Art by Lewis R. Wolberg. 291 pages. Abrams. \$25. A first-class attempt to prove visually that less is more. Photographer Wolberg offers a short history of microscopes, then dazzles the reader's retina with 220 amazing photographic enlargements of everything from the female sex organs of moss (blown up 300 times), to a virus (160,000 times its actual size) that greatly resembles an archipelago. The colors and textures are gorgeous, but at the price, they are a costly pleasure.

The Adventure of Sail 1520-1914 by Captain Donald Macintyre, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N. 256 pages. Random House. \$25. Far more sea- and eyewitness than the usual splendiferous, sparker-sized boat book, in part because it offers longish selections from the writings of Conrad, James Cook, Lord Nelson, Richard Dana, George Anson and others. More notable, though, is the broad range of paintings and illustrations, and the fact that whoever did the captions miraculously knew a lot about things like rigging—and caption writing too.

The Master of Mary of Burgundy, A Book of Hours. Edited by J.J.G. Alexander. Unpaginated. Braziller. \$25. Like the slender archways in the works of early Flemish masters, this tiny, devotional book opens on small worlds of piety and delight. It is a facsimile recreation of a Book of Hours made, circa 1478, for the daughter of the last great Duke of Burgundy by a master miniaturist. His biblical figures, mock tourneys, glimpsed landscapes and rich borders decked with acanthus rolls, peacock feathers, shells and fabulous birds and beasts brilliantly profit from the example of the Limbourg brothers and Jan Van Eyck.

The Horizon History of Russia by the editors of Horizon Magazine. Text by Ian Grey. 404 pages. American Heritage. \$22. Russia's first thaw occurred about 15,000 years ago when the Ice Age came to a close. South of the Arctic Circle, evergreens spread from Finland to the Bering Sea. A great network of rivers, including the Don, began flowing quietly and other-

wise; the steppe rolled out from the Carpathians to Mongolia; the semi-deserts of Central Asia pillowed to the south. Into this immensity came Goths, Slavs, Vikings and Tatars, mixing their blood on battlefields and in bedrooms. The text is necessarily simplified, but clear and cool. More than 400 excellent illustrations.

Michelangelo: The Complete Sculpture. Text by Frederick Hartt. 310 pages. Abrams. \$20. Nobody ever made marble into flesh with more power and passion than Michelangelo. Anyone who doubts it should buy this outstanding photographic study of all 38 of his sculptural works. A fine text helps in examining all the masterpieces, including the *David*, the *Pieta*, and the horned *Moses*—which turns out to bear a preposterous resemblance to Charlton Heston.

Giovanni Pisano, Sculptor by Michael Ayrton and Henry Moore. 248 pages. Weybright & Talley. \$20. Giovanni Pisano, who died some time before 1320, was one of the demonic figures of art. The energies he could release from a block of stone, the jagged drama of expression and gesture, the force and complexity of his inventions helped change the history of sculpture. Until now there has been no good book on him—a strange gap which Michael Ayrton, himself a sculptor, has closed with a graceful and scholarly tribute.

Impressionism, A Visual History by William Gaunt. 296 pages. Praeger. \$20. Mostly full-page reproductions of a remarkably broad and well-chosen selection of paintings, faced by long, clear captions that discuss the artistic subject, adding appropriate biographical and social commentary when necessary. The printing is sometimes slightly off, but the book offers a splendid, simple way for readers to see why and how a dozen or so Frenchmen overturned painting precedent and helped sharpen the observing eye of the world.

Letter and Image by Massin. 286 pages. Van Nostrand Reinhold. \$20. Next to a picnic ant traversing the pages of a scattered Sunday newspaper, the most letter-drunk creature on earth must be a pedestrian standing in New York City's Times Square. There, among the advertisements, is the greatest typographical density in the world—or so says Massin, a French graphics authority. He adds that an average American can easily see 1,500 signs a day. Massin proceeds to an alphabet history illustrated by everything from illuminated manuscripts to contemporary advertising. A close look at page 70 will reveal a highly suggestive subliminal holiday greeting formed by an acrobatic and apparently chilly couple. Mainly for admen and art directors.

Under \$20

Last Survivors by Noel Simon and Paul Géroudet. Illustrated by Helmut Diller and Paul Barruel. 275 pages. World. \$19.95. A somber subject—the possible extinction of 48 species of animals, mostly remote and exotic—approached with great dignity. The indri and the aye-aye may not be with us much longer, but they are here accorded the same curious scientific detachment as studies of, say, the salmon or the pigeon. Simon's accounts of such rare rituals as the spring mating



DEGAS: "ABSINTHE"



LARTIGUE STROLLERS



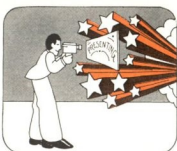
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MASKS BY PICASSO



MUSCOVITE ARCHERS



New thinking is... a \$10 special effects kit that makes home movies go wild.



Special Effects Kit with
Model 379 Movie Camera.

Make your own movie titles. And silent movie style dialog lines. Add mood intensity with color. A starburst lens mount spins as your camera zooms. Get unique, psychedelic effects with line patterns. The kit for new Bell & Howell cameras is exclusive. And the results are fantastic.

 **BELL & HOWELL**

IN OTHERS' WORDS

Mike Greenberger, Executive Vice President, Gilbert Advertising. "As you will recall, we ran Renault ads in the three newsmagazines and three selective publications. So far, the copy has drawn more than 17,000 requests for the publication offered—a rather substantial number by any measurement. Once more, your magazine deserves a great share of the kudos. Not only did TIME outdraw all the other magazines, but it pulled almost half of the total responses—close to 8,000 replies. Needless to say, TIME will continue to occupy a leading position in Renault's future advertising efforts."

TIME

Where ideas get response.

dance of Attwater's prairie chicken ("The cocks of the district assemble . . .") make delightfully recondite reading—rather like social anthropology writ small. The paintings, particularly those of Helmut Diller, are first-rate.

Movement and Metaphor: Four Centuries of Ballet by Lincoln Kirstein. 290 pages. Praeger. \$17.50. A delightfully idiosyncratic history of classic dance by the co-founder and general director of the New York City Ballet. It minutely and wisely analyzes 50 landmark ballets, from Balthasar de Beaujoyeux to George Balanchine. Kirstein's prose is suave and evocative. The stunning black and white illustrations, many of them never before reproduced, are a far cry from the expectable salon-photography narcissism.

The Life and Destiny of Isak Dinesen by Frans Lasson and Clara Svendsen. Illustrated. 227 pages. Random House. \$15. Hundreds of pictures of the author and dozens of her family, friends, pets, houses, manuscripts and even book jackets. What is desperately missing from this reverential literary curiosity is any sense of the vitality of its subject. Isak Dinesen's writing was mercurial, elaborate and passionate. Her life was filled with tragedy and long illness as well as with adventure. Her husband was the model for Hemingway's *Francis Macomber*; her great love, Denys Finch-Hatton, was one of the legendary hunters of Kenya. For those who know Dinesen's life and work, the characters and settings are here. Otherwise the book is a family album.

The Edwardians by J.B. Priestley. Illustrated. 302 pages. Harper & Row. \$15. The lower classes were wretched and the Boer War was a scandal, but in the main the Edwardians were as self-possessed as their older brothers, the late Victorians, and a good deal gayer. The Empire was at its apogee: surveying his South African fortune and keeping his subjectivities firmly in place, Cecil Rhodes said, "If there be a God I think he would like me to paint as much of Africa British-Red as possible." Yet great social reforms at home permitted the top authors—Kipling, Shaw and Wells—to be optimists and rationalists in ways that no major writer has ever been since. Venerable Author J.B. Priestley indulges all the era's colorful figures, as he does his own reminiscences of a middle-class youth in the Midlands. Illustrated with hundreds of pleasing pictures, the book is mini-history at its most palatable and benign.

The Celebrated Cases of Dick Tracy, 1931-1951 by Chester Gould. 291 pages. Chelsea House. \$15. Despite 27 bullet wounds during the first 24 years of his adult life, Dick Tracy manfully survived the two decades here recorded. Inevitably, though, the collection

Which young lady stacked the 100 tons of hay?

It was always a man's job, and a strong man at that. Yet, one of the sixteen-year-olds in our photo has just spent most of the day placing 150-pound bales of hay into a neat stack 13 feet high.

This will only surprise you if you haven't visited a big farm lately. Our modern agricultural equipment ingeniously solves many crop-handling problems, mechanically.

And with power-steering and hydraulic muscle, even young arms can manage the most awesome farm tasks. Ingenious problem solving is one of the reasons we're number one in specialized farm equipment.

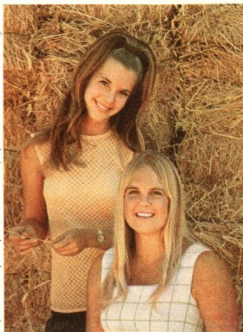
Which young lady was it? Lori Johnson from Lancaster, California, to the right. She's been working with our equipment on her dad's 300-acre ranch for several years. Her friend, Vicki Hoff, watched from the shade.

This is the sky over Kennedy International Airport. Friday, 5:00 p.m. Rush hour.

For years, air traffic controllers have been keeping track of aircraft by watching radar "blips." They tell the controller the direction the planes are moving, but not how high they are or how fast they're going.

To get this information, he has to check each pilot of the flights he is handling several times along the route. This places a prodigious strain on his memory.

It's easier now at those airports equipped with a Sperry Rand air traffic control system. Each blip on the radar screen is tagged by the computer with a



cluster of continuously updated symbols that moves with it. The controller can read the information he needs right off the scope.

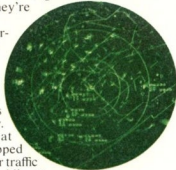
This system is working now to help manage the skies over Kennedy, and over Atlanta. A still more advanced Sperry Rand system, ARTS III, is scheduled for installation at heavy-traffic airports beginning in 1971.

The Rock 'n Roll. It's the latest step in ice-breaking.

Though ice several feet thick will give way under the weight of an icebreaker's bow, sometimes the ice is thicker, and it won't. So now, a new motion has been added to ice-breaking. The Rock 'n Roll.

The new 1000-foot-long tanker Manhattan uses two of our hydraulic systems to control two high-capacity ballast pumps which thrust 200 tons of water from one side of the vessel to the other at about 75-second intervals.

This rolling motion breaks more ice. It's the kind of ingenious application that has helped our marine hydraulics business roll up its present all-time high.



SPERRY RAND

Wait till you see what we do tomorrow.

The exciting new Sedan deVille and Fleetwood Sixty Special Brougham

Never has the introduction of a new Cadillac so dramatically established Cadillac's undeniable leadership in the world of fine motor cars.

All nine of the magnificent 1971 Cadillacs are totally new. They are completely new in looks—with crisper, more classic contours, greater glass area and doors designed to permit easier entry and exit.

They are new in luxury—with a completely redesigned instrument panel, new lower profile seats and a wide selection of rich new fabrics. And they are new

in convenience, including a unique light monitoring system available on all models.

You will discover new performance, too. The superb Cadillac ride has never been smoother. The quietness of operation will impress even long-time Cadillac owners. And all Cadillac V-8 engines deliver their famed performance on the new no-lead, low-lead fuels.

See—and drive—the brilliant new 1971 Standard of the World, now at your authorized dealer's. Leadership has never been so elegantly presented.

Cadillac for 1971



the



Fleetwood Sixty Special Brougham



Sedan deVille

The new Eldorado . . . the world's most elegant personal cars.

In the Eldorado Coupe and Convertible, Cadillac presents two completely new and completely distinctive automobiles. A new, longer wheelbase provides superb riding qualities and new, more impressive beauty.

Individual touches, such as the jewel-like stand-up crest and the exclusive coach windows on the Coupe, typify the Eldorado's many styling innovations.

The Convertible, now the only luxury convertible built in America, comes equipped with an ingenious new inward-folding Hideaway Top. It provides a more

graceful top-down appearance and allows greater room for rear-seat passengers.

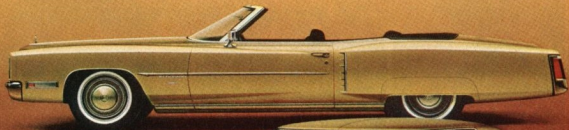
Both Eldorados share the same 8.2 litre V-8 (the world's largest production passenger car engine) in combination with the precise handling of front-wheel drive, variable-ratio power steering, power front disc brakes and Automatic Level Control.

Surely, these are the two most excitingly luxurious automobiles in the world of personal motoring . . . the Fleetwood Eldorados by Cadillac.

Cadillac Motor Car Division



New Look of Leadership



Eldorado Convertible



Eldorado Coupe



Smartest thing on the rocks

B DOM B
BENEDICTINE BRANDY

The drier liqueur

B&B is the drier liqueur. Eloquent. Magnificent.
The only proper blend of B&B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France.
That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac
to produce the perfect B&B. Always uniform. Always delicious.
After coffee...enjoy B&B straight, on-the-rocks, or the new B&B Stinger.



NEW YORK 86 PROOF



DOG SLED FROM "THE PULPS"

is a celebration of scurvy rogues and criminal grotesquery (*The Mole*; Flat-top; 88 Keyes, the larcenous pianist; Jerome Trohs), because the bad guys in *Tracy* are always more interesting than the detective and his crew of crime stoppers. Gould is a crafty if somewhat primitive storyteller, and this ponderous volume is still exciting enough to be read with something more than nostalgia.

The Pulp, Fifty Years of American Pop Culture. Compiled and edited by Tony Goodstone. 239 pages. Chelsea House. \$15. Mayhem, rape, demonology and interplanetary carnage in a representative sampling from *Mammoth Adventure*, *War Aces*, *Thrilling Wonder*, *Western Trails*, *Spicy Detective*, etc., including facsimile ads for "nose shapers," neckties that glow in the dark and "real live pet turtles." The horrid yarns still entertain and—because they have been so outdone by TV and today's other describers of mindless violence—they are even soothing in a creaky, campy way.

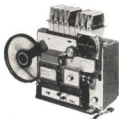
David Hicks on Bathrooms. 151 pages. World. \$15. England's best-known decorator wants bathrooms majestic and unapologetic. To show the way, he offers a selection of stately 19th century baths with Egyptian, Greek Revival and rococo influences. For "character, luxury and style" in the 20th century, Hicks leans toward upholstery, mahogany furnishings and crystal chandeliers. Must reading for arrivistes in the first flush of prosperity.

The Teddy Bear Book by Peter Bull. 207 pages. Random House. \$10. The title was mercifully changed from *Bear With Me*. But Actor Bull's archly preserved chattiness is ubiquitous—and finally maddening. A pity, because the book (*TIME*, Dec. 5, 1969), originally published in Britain, is stuffed with sepia pictures of quaint and cuddly bears as well as a fair amount of interesting history. Sample: Everyone knows that a cartoon showing Teddy Roosevelt refusing to shoot a bear cub in 1902 led to the Teddy, but no one, not even Bull, can say whether the first bear was

CHARACTERS FROM "THE TEDDY BEAR BOOK"



New thinking is... a home movie system that cleans out desk drawers.



Auto 8 Movie Cassette
Projector. Model 460Z.

Here's a system of movie cassettes for neat storage and easiest showing of your home movies. Plus an automatic projector that threads and rewinds, gives you three speeds including super-slow motion, and works with your present standard reels and equipment. The Auto 8 Movie Cassette System. Suddenly everything's easy.

 **BELL & HOWELL**

6 ways to dress up a naked cigarette.



M3 from \$11. ROYAL from \$20. CORONET from \$14. CLIP from \$8. CROWN hand-cut CRYSTAL \$32.50. MINI \$15. Imported exclusively by Peterson's Ltd., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Charlescraft Ltd., Toronto 14.



**New thinking is...
a home movie system
for people with
a new poem to say.**



Filmosound 8 System

Sound. Super 8 movies that laugh and sing and talk. They're easy and inexpensive and unforgettable with Bell & Howell's new Filmosound 8 System: a great super 8 camera, a handy, plug-in cassette recorder, and projector. Start with camera or projector for great silent movies, or get the whole Filmosound 8th System for sound movies now, at your nearest dealer.



BELL & HOWELL

When your midi's in mothballs and your hairdo's had it, your Ventura Deluxe Collection will still look smart. That's because Ventura has quality features that are "in" year after year. Like clean, classic lines. Enduring, fashion-fresh colors. And that unmistakable stripe that says you're traveling with Ventura—the going thing. Always. Ventura's open stock travelware. 12 colors, 38 sizes. \$23.50 to \$155.00. At fine stores everywhere.

Available in Canada



For free "Tips on Packing," write Ventura, Dept. SF, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

stuffed by the famous house of Steiff in Germany, or a chap named Morris Michtom in Brooklyn. Less for kids than for arctophiles.

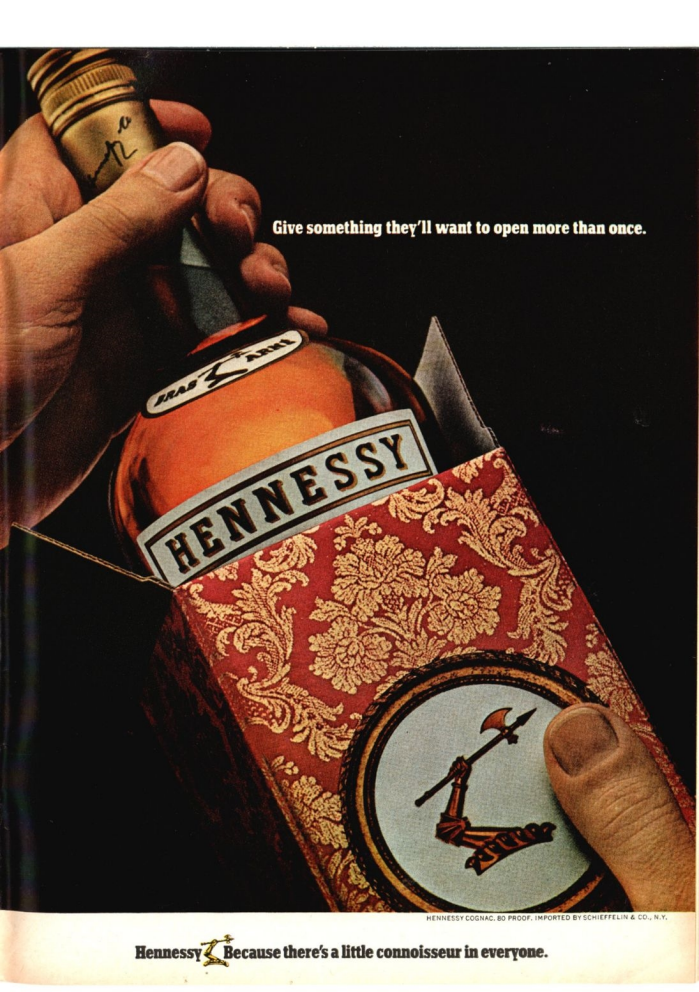
The Backgammon Book by Oswald Jacoby and John R. Crawford. Illustrated. 224 pages. Viking. \$10. Though it is illustrated with the customary attractive leaves from medieval manuscripts and Flemish paintings, this is a no-nonsense text on one of the world's most ancient and alluring dice games. Instructions and diagrams are clear. There are good sections on probabilities and such popular variations of the game as acey-deucey and chouette. Still this is one gift book that will get off the coffee table and onto the gaming board.

A Thoreau Gazetteer by Robert F. Stowell. Edited by William L. Howarth. 56 pages. Princeton. \$7.50. "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone," said Henry David Thoreau, the most conspicuous nonconsumer in American letters. At \$7.50 this slim, handsome gathering of maps, sketches and photos, which serve as a guide to Thoreau's travels as a naturalist, surveyor, dropout and poet, should please—but not greatly compromise—admirers of H.D.T.'s writings and principles.

Owls by John Sparks and Tony Sopar. 206 pages. Taplinger. \$5.95. Chaucer saw them as messengers of death. Ophelia evoked them when going mad, potato chip ads exploit them, fairy tales celebrate their imagined wisdom. This compact book explores the history, habits and life-styles of owls (there are 133 kinds) in straitlaced prose, enhanced by excellent photos and drawings by Naturalist Robert Gillmor. For bird watchers who give a hoot.

Little Wars by H.G. Wells. 111 pages. Macmillan. \$5.95. The current facsimile fad's most curious item—a 1913 booklet by the celebrated novelist-historian explaining how he devised a labyrinthine war game. It was played with lead soldiers and blocks, etc., but really made possible by the invention of what Wells calls "this priceless gift to boyhood," a toy model 4.7 breech-loading cannon (still sold in England) that could fire a wooden shell accurately 30 feet. His game is played, Wells advises firmly, "by boys of every age... by girls of the better sort, and by a few rare and gifted women."

Fighters Between the Wars: 1919-39 by Kenneth Munson. 164 pages. Macmillan. \$3.95. Facts, figures, max. speed, ceiling, etc., plus handsome, precise, detailed, small two-view color portraits of the Boeing P-26A, the Gloster Gladiator, the Heinkel 112 and all the wonderful rest of them. Perfect alike for those who can or cannot distinguish between dihedral and a Dewoitine 510.



Give something they'll want to open more than once.

HENNESSY COGNAC, 80 PROOF, IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

Hennessy  Because there's a little connoisseur in everyone.

Does the public's right to protection cancel out the public employee's right to strike?



Many citizens are sure that it does. That when fire alarms and police calls go unanswered, trash and garbage go uncollected, or a public school goes unattended, then the health, safety and convenience of the public is deliberately endangered. And that strikes which disrupt such essential services should be outlawed and violators dealt with severely.

Some of these people even argue that striking against government at any level is interfering with our basic political process, and is equal almost to subversion and treason.

But others just as vehemently contend that public employees have as much right as private labor to unionize, to bargain and to strike when unpopular conditions exist and negotiations fail. That to deny them these rights is

an outrageous discrimination which leaves a minority of U. S. workers at the mercy of politics and the whim of an often indifferent public.

The point is, where do you stand on this issue. Because your taxes pay these people's wages. That's why it's important for you to have an opinion on this issue. And to make it known. In writing. To your federal, state and local officials. So they can put your opinions into action to influence appropriate legislation.

We hope you'll write your letters on Hammermill Bond — world's best-known letterhead paper. But whether you write on Hammermill Bond or not . . . write. A paper-thin voice is a powerful persuader. Hammermill Paper Co., Erie, Pennsylvania, maker of 33 fine printing and business papers.

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Hammermill urges you to write your public officials.

Give Walker's DeLuxe. Elegance is always appreciated.

Regular bottle . . . or elegant decanter.
Each beautifully gift wrapped at no extra
cost. Give the best bourbon in Hiram Walker's
history. Walker's DeLuxe.



Walker's DeLuxe, the great bourbon from Hiram Walker himself.

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 84 PROOF • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

Say no more. Mumm's the word.



Cordon Rouge Brut, Vintage, Mumm's Extra Dry.

Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company,
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Use Christmas Seals.
It's a matter
of life and breath.

(Fight emphysema, tuberculosis, air pollution)

CINEMA

Apocalypse '69

*We all need someone we can bleed
on
And if you want it, well, you can
bleed on me*

—Rolling Stones tune

The Age of Aquarius ended with the flash of a knife early last December on a tumble-down raceway near Altamont, Calif. The Hell's Angels' motorcycle club had been hired to guard the stage



ALTAMONT BRAWL IN "SHELTER"
Suddenly, a knife.

at a free concert given by the Rolling Stones. From the very beginning of the day, there were bad vibrations all around. The audience was tense and anxious, the Angels, armed with weighted pool cues and other implements of destruction, tough and all too willing to fight. Several minor skirmishes broke out during the afternoon, and a member of the Jefferson Airplane was decked by an Angel when he attempted to intervene in a struggle right in front of the stage.

By the time the Stones appeared, several heads had been busted and the crowd was in a frightened, surly mood. Even Mick Jagger, rock's definitive superstar, could not get them to cool down and listen to the music. The crowd pushed closer and closer to the stage, and the Angels just as angrily pushed them back. Suddenly, someone pulled a gun. The Angels went after him, knifed him down and did him in. Those close enough to the incident were appalled. Those who were not, quickly caught the mood of tragedy and left the concert silent and shaken. It was hard to believe that Woodstock had taken place back East just four months before.

After Hysteria, the Mayseys brothers, a pair of experienced makers of documentary films, had been following the Stones around the country making a

Begin the new year in Aspen.



Be our guests in January . . .
save up to 25%.

A lot of snow goes to waste in Aspen in January. Because it's that time of year when the crowds aren't here.

So if you can get away for a week, you can really have a ball in Aspen.

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And only in Aspen can you carve your turns on any of our famous mountains, down 200 miles of trails. And get to the top fast — on any of 20 lifts.

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Make your plans now to take advantage of our special slow season rates January 2-22. Right now, send us the coupon and we'll start you on your way!



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Rush me the free brochure, "Ski Aspen," containing complete information on rates, lodging, restaurants, package plans, ski schools and transportation.

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TAKE ON AN **Aspenglow**

MEET THE BIG BEAUTIFUL MARTINI MAKER.



Outside the U.S. and Canada it's called MARTINI Vermouth. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

film of their tour. At the time of the killing, their cameras were both close enough to get the beginning of the murder on film, and far enough removed from the whole rock and youth scene to put the event into some perspective. The result is a strong, remorseless but sensationalized documentary called *Gimme Shelter*, in which the Maysles and their skillful co-director Charlotte Zwerin attempt to give both a narrative and journalistic structure to the Stones' barnstorming tour.

They begin the film after the initial Altamont hysteria has died down, with the Stones (mostly Jagger) watching the assembled footage on an editing machine. As the film tour progresses, interspersed with scenes of the preparations for the free concert, there are occasional cuts back to the Stones reacting to what they see.

The Knife. The footage of the murder at the concert eventually appears. "Can you run that for me again?" Jagger is heard asking off-screen, and the film makers are happy to oblige. They not only run it over, they run it in slow motion and freeze frames, while Dave Maysles points out to Jagger (and thus to the audience) all the gruesome details: "There, you can see the gun against the girl's crocheted dress. And there's the knife." This technique surely succeeds in pinpointing the feeling of desperate horror at Altamont, but it does so even as it exploits the scene and sensationalizes it.

Without the tragic murder, *Gimme Shelter* would be another not particularly revealing *cinéma vérité* essay about the personalities that shape pop culture. Most of the footage of the Stones seems to be pedestrianly photographed concert material, which looks pallid beside the splendors of *Woodstock*. The film's best moments come in the long sequence that reconstructs the stoned, increasingly tense atmosphere at Altamont. The Maysles and Zwerin (also responsible for last year's *Salesman*) seem to imply that the killing was a spontaneous and inevitable result of the freakiness not just of the audience but of the whole rock culture. This is a somewhat debatable premise, to say the least, but what the film makers have unarguably done in these scenes is to give brilliant shape and form to a nightmare.

■ Jay Cocks

Autumn Passion

I Walk the Line is Director John Frankenheimer's second film in a row (the other was *The Gypsy Moths*) about the quiet terrors of small-town family life and a middle-aged man's irrevocable course toward self-destruction. The theme is both difficult and promising, but in each film it is subordinated, not to say submerged, in melodrama.

Sheriff Tawes (Gregory Peck) is a righteous, brooding Tennessean overtaken by the sterility of his existence. His

You are cordially invited to an exhibit by
TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine demonstrating
the power of print.....
"ENVIRONMENT FOR RESPONSE"

Beginning December 4 in the main lobby of the John Hancock Center, TIME will present the winning advertisements of the nation's advertising agencies who participated in TIME's Power of Print campaign. This was TIME's widely discussed invitation to agencies to display their talents, without charge, on the printed page. What started as a showcase for creativity in print has become a forum to engage the minds of the public on issues and ideas of common concern. This will be the first Midwest showing of these ads that have provoked such overwhelming response from TIME's audience.

While part of this imaginative exhibit is devoted to the published submissions to TIME Magazine, there are also selective campaigns of major companies whose paid advertising reflects their involvement with national priorities. Additional entries in TIME's Power of Print demonstration will be shown—in rough form, as originally submitted.

The exhibit will be on display from December 4 through December 31, 1970. Open weekdays from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission free.



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unattractive daughter asks him ineane riddles at the supper table, his wife (Estelle Parsons) quotes marriage advice from the *Reader's Digest* and his senile father jabbars from the porch swing. When the sheriff questions a young mountain girl named Alma McCain (Tuesday Weld) about a traffic violation, he sees her as a chance—perhaps his last—for freedom, rebellion, sexual gratification, maybe even love. Alma's father (Ralph Meeker) sees a chance for something too: protection for his illegal moonshine still. So he encourages his daughter to seduce the sheriff. Alma succeeds, and Tawes is forced to cover up for her father. Undone by all this, the sheriff wanders vacantly around town. His passion for Alma makes him an accomplice when her father shoots a deputy sheriff. It leaves Tawes wounded and ruined as the McCain pickup truck, with Alma aboard, rumbles off into the mountain mist.

Tuesday Weld is an understandably desirable love object, a genuine Lolita, but she can make little sense of her rather muddy character. Ralph Meeker, as the ruthless moonshiner, is all sinister smiles and barely repressed violence. The music, sung by Johnny Cash, is slick and unemotional. The main flaw



WELD & PECK IN "LINE"

"Would you like a Dr Pepper?"

is that the love affair between Alma and the sheriff lacks the qualities of desperation and frustration that would make it convincing. Alvin Sargent's script does not help matters much with such ritual movie Southernisms as "Eat your beans, Grandpa" and "Would you like a Dr Pepper?" Peck succeeds in conveying the sheriff's vulnerability but never his passion.

Time was when Frankenheimer's movies (*The Manchurian Candidate*, *Seconds*) were charged with an almost tangible visual energy, but recently his style has become so severely formal as to be almost academic. He is still capable of tour de force camera work (like a stunning crane shot that travels

**North and South,
East and West,
Young and Old,
Rich and Poor,
Jew and Gentile,
Black and White
and Brown
and Yellow
and Red,
This town,
this city,
this state,
this country
bleeds a little
every day.**

**Open your heart.
Empty your hands.
And roll up your
sleeves. With
The American
Red Cross.**



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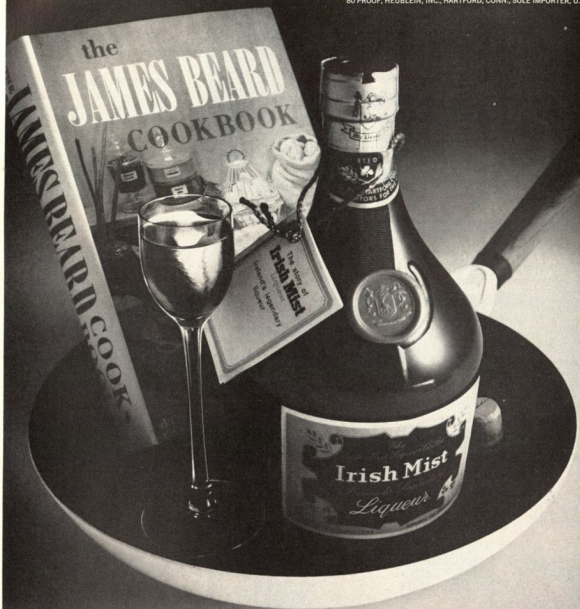
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tains its original promise of warmth, of charm, of conviviality laced with haute couture. Rarely have I sensed the vivacity and lyricism of Irish regionalism merged so happily with worldly sophistication. First concocted, I understand in the 14th Century, it can't be quietly kept on ice much longer, except if you will, in a glass. And this, I highly recommend. Bon Appétit.

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slowly across a deserted house, making every brick and notch of wood come alive for the eye) but then no one has ever quarreled with his technical virtuosity. It is his story sense that has come increasingly into question.

■ J.C.

Twelve-Letter Obscenity

Oedipus Rex, King of Thebes, died this week in his new home, *Where's Poppa?* Mr. Oedipus was 2,500 years old and had been ailing for almost a century. His troubles began on the couch. From Oedipus complex it was an easy plunge to Oedipus simple, bottoming out in pop-psych idiocy like *Where's Poppa?*, which offers the case of Gordon Hocheiser (George Segal) and his mama (Ruth Gordon).

Miss Gordon, an accomplished performer for more than 50 years, is, to



SEGAL & GORDON IN "POPPA"

Oedipus complex to Oedipus simple.

be charitable, miscast. As a latter-day Jockasta, she is too venerable to inspire a son with anything but pity or terror. Her older son, Sidney (Ron Leibman), is the sort of chap whom a caliph would choose to guard his harem. Living on Manhattan's East Side, Sidney shuttles frequently between his own pad and the Hocheiser private loony bin, where Gordon continually threatens to throw Mama out the window. Offense is the order of the day, particularly in one episode when a gang of blacks forces Sidney to strip and rape a lady in the park. The "lady," it turns out, is a cop in drag who falls in love with his assailant.

On occasion, Director Carl Reiner offers an ingenious sight gag, and the energy of his cast is never allowed below the manic level, producing some legitimate, if frantic laughter. It was not for nothing that Reiner was the greatest second banana in TV history; it was for next to nothing. His film is but a single joke, and the punch line is the commonplace twelve-letter obscenity.

■ Stefan Kanfer



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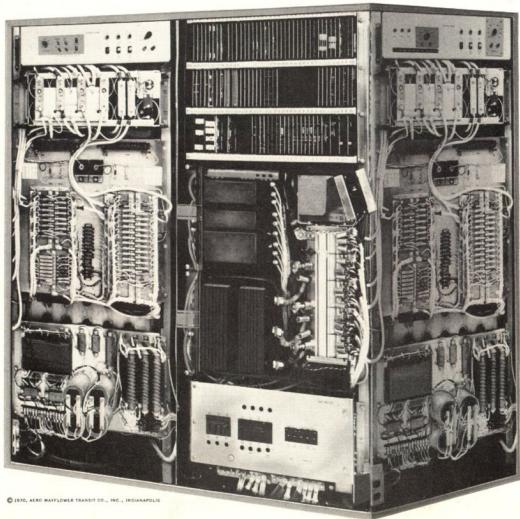


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